SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

A Sporting Paper; devoted to the Turf, the Ring, the Angler, the Hunter—News, Literature, Fashion, Taste, the Drama, and the Scenes of Real Life.

BY WILLIAM T. PORTER & CO.
OFFICE, GOTHAM-SQUARE, CORNER OF MOTT-STREET.

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TOM SHERIDAN,

Who, to kindness of heart and sweetness of disposition, added social talents, which if not of the high commanding order of his father's, were infinitely more agreeable to those who knew him, used to tell a story *for and against* himself, which we shall take leave to relate.

He was staying at Lord Craven's, at Benham, and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only "his dog and gun," on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper: the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until unconsciously he entered the domain of some neighboring squire. A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant armed as it appeared for conflict. Tom took up a position, and awaited the approach of the enemy.

"Hallo! you, sir," said the squire, when within half ear-shot, "what are you doing here, sir, eh?"

"I'm shooting, sir," said Tom.

"Do you know where you are, sir?" said the squire.

"I am here, sir," said Tom.

"Here," said the squire growing angry; "and do you know where here *is*, sir?—These, sir, are *my* manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?"

"Why, sir, as to your manners," said Tom, "I can't say they seem over agreeable."

"I don't want any jokes, sir," said the squire—"I hate jokes. Who are you, sir—what are you?"

"Why, sir," said Tom, "my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing."

"Sheridan?" said the squire, cooling a little, "oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know *that*—I—"

"No," said Sheridan, "but you need not have been in a passion."

"Not in a passion, Mr. Sheridan," said the squire, "you don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them; it's all very well for *you* to talk, but, if you were in *my* place, I should like to know what *you* would say upon such an occasion."

"Why, sir," said Tom, "if I were in *your* place, under all the circumstances, I should say—I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me, and, as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment?"

The squire was hit hard by this non-chalance, and it is needless to add, acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

"So far," said poor Tom, the story tells *for me*—now you shall hear the sequel:"

After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards.

In the course of his walk he passed through a farm-yard: in the front of the farm-house was a green, in the centre of which was a pond, where ducks innumerable were swimming about and diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding—the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near the two cottages on the side of the green.

He hated to go back with an empty bag; and having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him, and he thought that to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity, would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly up he goes to the farmer and accosts him very civilly;—

"My good friend," says Tom, "I'll make you an offer."

"Of what, sir?" said the farmer.

"Why," replies Tom, "I have been all day fagging after birds, and hav'nt had a shot—now, both my barrels are loaded—I should like to take home something; what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel at those ducks and fowls—I standing here, and to have whatever I kill?"

"What sort of a shot are you?" said the farmer.

"Fairish," said Tom.

"And to *hare* all you kill?" asked the farmer.

"Exactly so," replied Sheridan.

"Half-a-guinea," said the farmer.

"That's too much," said Tom. "I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll give you a seven shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket."

"Well, hand it over," said the man.

The payment was made, and Tom true to his bargain, took his post by the barn-door, and let fly with one barrel, and then with the other, and such running, splashing, and screaming, had never been heard in that place before.

Away ran Tom, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended.

"Those were good shots, sir," said the farmer.

"Yes," said Tom, "eight ducks and fowls are more than you bargained for, old fellow, worth rather more I suspect than seven shillings—eh?"

"Why, yes," said the man scratching his head, "I think they be, but what do I care for that—*they are none of mine!*"

"Here," said Tom, "I was once in my life *beaten*, and made off as fast as I could, for fear that the rightful owner might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in, seven times as much as I did, for his cunning and coolness.

A COWARD'S LOGIC.—"The following dialogue was overheard a few days since between two individuals, who appeared, from the tenor of their remarks, to be conversing on the subject of duelling, and the palpable hits which have recently been made in several honorable rencontres.

"Give me for an antagonist, if I must fight," said one, "that man who knows where the heart lies, and who aims with such certainty, that you might as reasonably expect him to hit the man in the moon as miss his mark. I hate these random shots, which may hit one—the devil knows where."

"What!" responded the other, "would you prefer certain death to a probable chance of escape? Would you fight to be killed? D—n me if I wouldn't as soon put a torch to a powder magazine, as face a man whose science has such a mortal effect."

"Nonsense, nonsense," replied the former, "you know it is not my fashion to court danger or death. On the contrary the call must be most imperative that will draw me into the field of honorable combat."

"What absurdity!" exclaimed his opponent, "how can you reconcile the assertion you have just made, with your former declaration, that you would prefer fighting a man whose leaden visitor would be sure to gain admittance to your heart. If *your* aim should be as wide of the mark as your assertions are contradictory, your antagonist would have little to fear."

"'D'ye give it up?'" asked the other; "now I can show you in few words, that all the absurdity is owing to your own understanding—you don't take."

"Well, explain yourself," said the opposing disputant; "and give me the advantage which a knowledge of this discovery in the science of duelling must confer. Why, let me ask you, would you choose for an antagonist in a duel, a man who would aim unerringly at the heart, in preference to another who would shoot at random, and hit one—the devil knows where."

"Why, then," replied the other, "in cases of imminent danger, ye see, I carry my heart in my throat; now, your first-rate shot, if he should shoot where it ought to be, would miss it: while your random shooter would as likely to tickle me in one part of the body as another."

NEW-ENGLAND MAGAZINE.—Few writers at present before the public, are more generally read and admired, or more eagerly sought after, than the editors of this racy and interesting periodical—Messrs. J. T. & E. Buckingham. Although any encomium from us would seem superfluous and uncalled for, yet we cannot withhold our "meed of praise," and wish them that success they so deservedly merit. We make several extracts from an article in their March no., for which our readers will thank us, if it affords them half the pleasure it did ourselves.

RARE BEASTS.

Suppose yourself mounted on a good horse, and riding at my side, somewhere between the Mississippi and the Missouri, in about forty-four degrees, with a good rifle in your hand. "'Tis but Fancy's sketch."

Let us ascend that hillock and look abroad upon the prairie. Did you think there was so much beef in the world? The land is alive with the creatures that naturalists call Bisons, but which we hunters call Buffaloes. There are, at least, twenty thousand in that herd. Hark, what a thundering noise they make! They do not bellow so in other seasons, but this is their May.

Look at that noble bull approaching. We have disturbed him, and he comes to reconnoitre. Fear not—he will not attack us; at any other time he would have made his escape at once. His beard might shame a Janizary; his head would be a treasure to a periwig-maker; the hair is so thick that you see no part of his physiognomy but his nose, his eyes, and the tips of his short, strong, black horns. Satan could not look more savage. Your horse trembles, and so should I, if I did not know the nature of the beast. Give him a shot. Ah, Blockhead! you have hit him between the eyes, you might as well have fired at the Rock of Gibraltar. Ride, for your life!

Now he has gotten my bullet behind the shoulder, he is running in his turn. He falls. He is not more than a mile off. I will show you how to butcher a buffalo. His flesh is rank, but his tongue will serve our turn, and his marrow bones are delicious. See, the ball has gone through the very centre of his heart. It is not singular that he has run so far so badly hurt. I have seen many such cases. St. Maurice, who is the fellest buffalo-runner in the country, says he once saw a bull arise and walk after he had cut out his tongue and taken off his skin. But St. Maurice is noted for his dexterity at the long bow.

If this was a cow, now, I would take away the hump, and convince you that Mr. Godman is wrong in saying it tastes like marrow. We must leave the carcase to the wolves, who, you see, have been roused by the well known sound of our guns, and are trooping hitherward from all points of the compass. It was really a pity to slay this noble animal in mere wantonness. It is an awful waste of meat. You cannot lift even his head, or his skin. However, it is plain, to be seen, from his scars, that he was an old, peevish, quarrelsome, unhappy tyrant, and I begin to think it was charity to put him out of his misery.

Now mount your horse and let us ride to yonder little wood, island, we call it, and let us dress our dinner. Take care of that snake! Hold! do not kill it. It looks like a rattlesnake, to be sure. It is of the same size, figure and complexion, and it makes just such a noise as its dangerous relative does. For all that, a hare is not more harmless. It is known by several names. You may call it pine snake, prairie snake, or bull snake, as you please. Some say it is excellent eating. I know that rattlesnakes are.

But what is the matter with the Buffaloes? They are flecing *en masse*. You can see that the females run almost as fast as deer. I have it now; a Grizzly Bear has got to windward of them. Here he comes like an antelope. *Sauve qui peut!* You must put your horse to full speed, I can tell you. Pray Heaven, he does not compel us to use our guns. If he does, something like a miracle only can save us.

Stop; he does not mind us; he follows the Buffaloes. The fellow is hungry. Now he overtakes the hindmost Bull. Alas, poor Bison! See how the bloody Herod strikes him down with one blow of his paw, and tears away three of his ribs at the same stroke. No wonder; his claws are five inches long, at least. It is all over with the Bison now. The bear has feasted his fill, and is making off. Now the danger is over, I will tell you that it was not small. It is a good horse that outruns a Grizzly Bear, and the beast is as cruel as he is strong and swift. He follows the track of a man like a dog. No danger, no odds, no wounds, retard his attack a moment. He braves fire; which no other wild beast does. A ball must scatter his brains to quiet him at once, and his face is so sharp that it is very difficult to hit. Besides, his forehead is covered with a muscle so strong and thick, that three balls out of four will glance from it. So tenacious of life is he, that half a dozen shots in a body, often fail to bring him down or mitigate his ferocity.

That gray animal, looking out of his hole, is a Badger. You perceive that he has a white stripe running from his head half way down his back, and two more on the side of his head, which give him a droll expression of countenance. He is incredibly strong and hardy. I have seen a strong man size a Badger by the brush as he was getting into his hole, and the creature broke from him, in spite of all his efforts and escaped. A large dog has much difficulty in overcoming a Badger on level ground. The animal is perfectly harmless, excepting that he makes great holes in the prairie, in which horses sometimes break their legs, and throw their riders. His skin makes a very enduring upper leather for a shoe. His flesh, too, is eatable, when no better can be had.

As for those rascally Prairie Wolves that you see in such numbers, it is "beneath the dignity of man," as Col. Bath would say, to mention them, they are so cowardly. I believe the Prairie Wolf is the only animal, with teeth and claws, that will not fight in defence of its young. They make their nests in the bare plain. I once robbed one of three cubs, before the eyes of the dam, and all she dared do for their protection was to howl. Nevertheless, when compelled, the Prairie Wolf fights desperately, and dies without a whimper. The large wolf is quite a different animal. When pressed by hunger, he will even attack a man. We had one at Lac au Travers, that we attempted to harness with the dogs. The only way we could get the collar on was by holding its neck to the ground between the prongs of a pitch-fork, and when we had harnessed him, he was so troublesome that we had to kill him. The color of this species is usually gray, but black and white wolves are not uncommon. The black ones are thought to be the most powerful and ferocious.

Yonder goes a Cougar, vulgarly called a Catamount, a Panther, or, worse yet, a Painter. This animal is not often seen so far north. You already know the Cougar by report, and have, perhaps, even seen him in some menagerie. A lady of my acquaintance, who resides in the outskirts of one of our western cities, got a terrible fright from a Cougar about five years ago. She slept in an apartment on the ground floor, the window of which opened upon a garden. One night, as she was about to step into bed, she heard a hard breathing at the window, and was immediately aware of a pair of optics, glowing like Lehigh coals in perfect combustion. Whether the visitor to whom they belonged was brought to the glass by hunger, curiosity, or a softer passion, (the lady is very handsome,) she never knew, but at any rate, she had no inclination to be wooed "as the lion woos his bride." She kept down the woman within her, put on her thimble, and rapped smartly against the glass in immediate contact with the beast's nose. The noise bothered him entirely, and he fled; but the lady did not sleep in that room that night. In the morning the tracks of a large Cougar were found in the garden, and it was apparent that he had reared up to look into the window, for he had left the marks of his dirty forespaws on the sill. In the course of the day the mangled body of a colt was found on the farm, but the Cougar never came there again! Probably, he had no favorable opinion of a place whose hospitality could only afford him horse-flesh.

What you see, there, in the extreme verge of the horizon, is not a forest. Birnam wood is not coming to Dunsinane. It is a herd of Wawashkeeko, or, to use a word you will understand, of Elks. Now they are higher you can see that there are upwards of five hundred. What beauty! What stateliness! This is not the common stag of Europe, as English writers falsely assert. They are ever willing to deny our soil the property of any thing perfect; but Europe has no such animal as this. What horns! How they run! A good horse can overtake them, however. When mounted hunters surround a drove of Elks, the animals become perfectly stupified after a few shots. Instead of escaping by speed of foot, as most of them easily might do, they run round and round, till they are all destroyed.

We have now come to the wood, and you perceive that a small stream runs through it. I surmised as much while we were yet far off, for wherever an island of wood is seen in the prairie, you are pretty sure to find water. That large tree has not been marked by the axe, but by a Beaver's tooth. You see that it looks as if a squaw had been chopping it—all around. You have probably a very high opinion of the Beaver's character for intelligence, but let me tell you, it is ill founded. Instinct, in high perfection, is all the creature can boast of. He cannot adapt himself to circumstances, like the dog and many other animals. Take him away from his brook or his puddle, and he is the most stupid beast that lives. All you can teach him is, not to bite. I have seen several domesticated, and not one of them evinced the least spark of mother wit. The most that any of them could do was to waddle about, and utter a very disagreeable squeak. The Otter can be taught to fish for his master, but the beaver cannot.

That animal on yonder tree, with the catlike visage, is a *Loup-Cervier*, or American Lynx. You are too late for a shot, he has gone already. Excepting that he is much bigger than the short-tailed Wild Cat of the United States, there is little difference between them. His fur is worth something, and though he belongs to the *carnivora*, his flesh is not unworthy the attention of the epicure. The Lynx is a cunning beast. I was once following one, when my dog was at fault, at the root of a large inclined tree. I soon found that the animal had run to the extremity of the upper branch, and had thence leaped as far as he was able, undoubtedly with a view to baffle the dog's nose. The trick did not save him however.

Look into the near edge of the prairie a moment, and you will see a great many little animals, like squirrels, running about. This beautiful little fellow is here called the Prairie Squirrel. Capt. Franklin calls him Hoode Marmot. He is about the size of the squirrel we call the Chipmunk, and, like him and the American Flag, has thirteen stripes on his back.

Hark, to that whistle! We are lost! That was an Indian signal. But no; it is repeated, and I now perceive that we are near a village inhabited by dogs. You need not look so surprised. I do not mean Indian dogs, but Prairie Dogs. Come round this point of wood. Now you see them, and they see you, too, for they are scolding like Billingsgate. Do not fire at them. Let their vivacity and innocence be their protection. I need not make the request, though, for we are full as nigh them as they will allow us to come. They have all slunk into their burrows. Some thousands of them probably reside here, for you may observe that the mounds cover three or four acres, and each hole contains a large family. Now they have got over their first panic, they begin to peep out again, to see if the danger is over.

You see that these dwellings are in the form of truncated cones, and that each has its door in the side. They serve two purposes—as dwellings, and as watch towers, from which the inmates may overlook the grass, and see if any wolf or fox is coming. You need never think to get at them by digging, for their habitations are joined by subterranean galleries, and the whole village is undermined. The dogs need fear no enemies but rattlesnakes, weasles, burrowing owls, and the like. Here is a rattlesnake, just about to enter the village. Take that, you reptile. Ye may now thank your supposed foe, ye little dwellers in darkness, for saving many of your lives. You think it strange, perhaps, that the rattlesnake, who swallows his prey whole, should take an animal a foot and a half long, but it is as true as strange. The reptile can actually gorge creatures bigger than itself. See this rascally Owl. He has been following the example of some men I could mention; taking possession of the dwelling of one more industrious, and of a better character than himself. And he has not even the grace to keep the house in which he has so iniquitously installed himself, in good order. Observe, that his mound is polluted with putrefactions, and crumbling about his ears, while those of the marmots are neat and in perfect repair. If you ask me what these agreeable citizens do for food in winter, I answer, they go without. Yes; and they do not suffer. In November, each rolls himself into a ball, and sleeps till March.

There goes a Hare; not one of the pitiful abortions which are called hares in New-England, but an animal weighing ten or twelve pounds. How he runs! No dog that was ever in the prairies could catch him. This hare is gray now, but next winter, he will be pure white, not distinguishable from the snow.

That Deer we will not notice; you have probably seen a buck before; but yonder are a pair of Antelopes. Lie down, and I will bring them nigh enough to be observed minutely. It is only by lifting up my leg and shaking it, for no creature has a greater share of curiosity than this most timid of all animals. Any thing uncommon draws them. Now they are nigh enough for you to see that an Antelope is about as big as a common goat, and a great deal handsomer and more graceful. You may also perceive that it has a single antler on each horn. Now rise, if you wish to see the utmost speed four legs can exert. Flying Childers never ran so fast as they do. I once knew a pointer to catch a female Antelope, but she stopped, now and then, to give her kid time to keep up with her. As the matter was, the Indians thought the dog must have been a special favorite of the Great Spirit.

Take your rifle, and fire a shot at the Crane, who has just so foolishly put himself within reach. Well done, my marksman! You have broken his wing. Have a care. Do not go nigh him rashly. That long pointed beak is little less dangerous than Cockahockaknocknawaga's war club. I once knew an Indian receive a mortal wound through the diaphragma from a crane. I know another who has been deprived of an eye by such an enemy. Take this stick; and, now that you have broken his back, there is no danger.

Go not near that stump. That reptile asleep on it is a copperhead; the most venomous, the most hideous, the most depraved, the most detestable of all God's creatures. Now he wakes. He gathers himself sluggishly into his coil: which he intends shall be a mortal coil for one of us. He has not half the generosity of the rattlesnake, for he gives no warning before he strikes; nor half the courage, for he will not maintain his ground, if he can leave it. See how his head flattens! how his skin becomes darker! Kill him, lest he bite some other.

We have ridden, reader, on airy horses, into the prairies, and have shown you every thing I know about "our rare beasts" that I do not remember to have seen in print. We will, now if you please, go back to Boston, by the same speedy conveyance, and deposite our notes in the counting room which pertaineth to the New-England Magazine.

COCK-FIGHTING IN MANILLA.—This barbarous sport is a great favorite among the natives, and Sundays and festivals are, after mass, devoted to that amusement. The cock-pits are farmed out by government; they are thatched bamboo buildings, with a gallery around overlooking the pit; the admission is a medio, or half a rial, (6 1-4 cents) for each person. When a match is agreed upon, the birds are brought into the arena, and a man appointed for the purpose is stationed in the pit to receive the bets, which vary in amount from a medio to ten dollars; the bets on each bird are placed in two rows on the ground, and when the sum collected is equal on both sides the fight commences. At the conclusion, the person who received the bets pays the winners, retaining a small proportion as his fee, and there appears no confusion on the adjustment of the bets. The combat most usually terminates in the death of one of the birds, and is seldom of long duration. The birds are armed with a sharp scythe-shaped spur, about two inches and a half in length; the cock that is killed is considered the property of the victor. On a cock being conquered, several feathers are pulled out just above the tail, and placed in a bag hung up in the pit for the purpose of receiving them: this is done to see of what color the conquered birds usually were, to judge thence the best breed. The white-wattled birds generally lost, and the speckled birds appeared to be the favorites among the betters, and generally won. While the spurs were fitting on the heels of the cocks, previous to fighting, the color of the combs varied from pale to red, as if they were aware for what murderous purpose they were applied; a sheath is kept on the spur until the moment they are thrown off.

"Tom Cooke sent me to sleep with one of his songs in Masaniello." "Tom has long been celebrated as a *composer*."

A MERMAID.—The following touch of the marvellous has been sent to us, with the strongest assurances of truth, by one of our correspondents on the west coast. Our correspondent says he had the narrative from Mr. McKenzie himself, and that the circumstance is making a great noise over the country:—"Pool ewe, Jan. 11.

On Sunday last, as Mr. Alexander McKenzie, of Melvaig, was crossing in a boat from Ullapool, when opposite the Green State Point the crew discovered a figure, apparently that of a man, sitting upon a rock, and engaged in fishing. As it was unusual to find any person fishing on the Sabbath Day, the men rowed the boat towards the object of their curiosity, and to their utter amazement found it to be partly the likeness of a human being, of which the uppermost half resembled a female, and was white as snow, and the other half was of a sky blue color, and had fins and a tail like a fish. The monster was very tame, and the crew say that it did not seem afraid of them; that it had soft rolling eyes, and gazed at them for some time, occasionally turning towards some sea mews that were flying above in the air.

THE SLEIGH RIDE.

Ye college lads, who hate a dun,
Renown'd for "killing sprees and fun,"
With pranks of sly invention;
Listen, while I rehearse the news,
And let no friend of truth refuse
To pay me strict attention.

The story which I now relate,
Is one of very recent date,
And end in its conclusion;—
A noble steed, for paltry hire,
Was driven through the snow and mire,
With noise and great confusion.

That you the truth may ascertain,
Which facts, no doubt, will well maintain,
Its different versions I'll relate.
Of those, who saw the cruel deed,
And heard the snorting of the steed,
One thus describes his fate:

Three miles they drove the horse, or more,
And all the time they cura'd and swore
To make him faster go,
Till from his nose in torrents dire,
Like Etna's crater spouting fire,
The blood began to flow.

Before the sleigh arrived in sight,
The noise I heard with sore affright,
And thought 'twas judgment day!
But soon the steed like lightning came,
His breath, like streams of glowing flame,
Melting the snow away!

~~Ere long, the beast began to reel,~~
Although his nerves were strong as steel—
He fell, methought—to die;
His snorting, borne upon the breeze,
The dead leaves shook from off the trees,
As if a storm pass'd by!

When he, in accents strong and bold,
His dreadful story thus had told
To those who thither ran;
While the astonish'd crowd did wonder,
With hair erect and jaws asunder
Another thus began:

More than a mile above the place,
I plainly felt upon my face,
His hot and burning breath;
His blood, in shower's, fell thick around,
And stain'd for miles the snow white ground,
Before he sunk in death.

A third narator now appear'd
To tell what he had seen and heard,
And prove it true by swearing.
He saw the steed rush on amain,
And swift as wind sweep o'er the plain,
His eyes like fire balls glaring.

His sides, with cruel whips they tore,
Till he, all drenched with reeking gore,
Was dyed a perfect red;
While from his nose the crimson tide
Was pour'd in torrents far and wide
At last he fell for dead!

These stories none may dare to doubt,
They've been related all about,
And every word is truth—
Although the horse is still alive,
And nothing injur'd by the drive:—
Take warning all ye youth.

LONDON POLICE.

HATTON GARDEN—SINGULAR APPLICATION.—Yesterday a journeyman baker, of the most ordinary and eccentrick appearance, named Latham, applied to Sergeant Sellon for his assistance, under the following singular circumstances: He had received a threatening letter from a woman whose name only was familiar to him, and he was apprehensive that she intended to Burke or otherwise murder him. With considerable trepidation he handed the letter to the Magistrate, of which the following is a copy:—

"My Dear William;—I have took thee liberty of writing to you to inform you that if you due not make mee your lawful wife before long i shall bee obliged to use the means that i have promised you sow long and if you dont meet mee this evening at the turnpike gate i shall bee obliged to meet you to morrow morning as you come out of Mr. Harrises and then i will die for you if that you wont come to my wishes. I remain your affectionate lover.

MRS. NOAKES.

Mr. Matham, Mr. Harrises'
Philips's buildings, Somers town.

Mr. Sergeant Sellon, after perusing the epistle remarked that the woman was desperately in love with the applicant, and advised him to make her his wife.

The applicant's indignation was aroused at the counsel of the worthy Magistrate, and he grumbled that he was not bound to marry any woman that wanted to force him to be her husband.

Mr. Sergeant Sellon told the applicant, by way of balsam that he was not compelled to marry her, but merely to meet her at the turnpike gate, and then perhaps all might be amicably arranged—(laughter.)

The applicant replied that he was afraid of meeting her, as her object might be to Burke or injure him.

Mr Sergeant Sellon—Oh no, there is no fear of that. The letter is a very affectionate one. She signed herself your affectionate lover.

Applicant—I go in fear of my life, and it is very hard the nation won't espouse my cause—(laughter.)

Mr. Serjeant Sellon endeavored to console the timid baker by telling him that if his lover offered him any violence, if he applied at this office he should receive a warrant against her.

Applicant—But if she runs me through the heart or Burke's me, how can I have redress?

Mr. Sergeant Sellon—Why then the woman will be hanged.

The applicant then withdrew, complaining that there was neither law nor justice to be obtained by a poor man in this boasted land of freedom.

ANECDOTES OF HON. JOHN RANDOLPH.—It is told of this celebrated man, that while attending the convention at Richmond Virginia, last autumn, he was met in the street by a "rude fellow" whom his opinions and speeches had offended, and walking sternly up to him in front, exclaimed "I do not give way for any d—d rascal!" On which the Roanoke orator immediately giving him the path and making a low bow, politely said, *I do sir*, and walked on his way.

On another occasion, when attending the sale of furniture that belonged to a foreign minister about to leave the country, he was called upon by the lady of an officer then of the war department, to let her know what he thought of a pair of elegant brass andirons, about to be sold. He turned and looking at her significantly replied, that he war not fond of and no judge of *brass*, but that of all things he always hated it in a lady's face. It is needless to say that the lady was off in a trice.

At one time when there was an unusually exciting debate in the House of Representatives, addressing the chair, he remarked, "Mr. Speaker, we are in the habit of calling *all* of the members of this House Gentlemen. I, said he, do not call them *all* gentlemen; for, Mr. Speaker, there are members in this house whom I would not touch with a pair of tongs, so help me God I would not.

On another occasion, when highly excited in debate, he was exceedingly severe upon a member of his own state, who had retorted sharply to his speech; and concluded by saying, if the gentleman from Virginia thinks himself injured, which I believe he does, he knows where to apply for reparation. Randolph was, while yet in the house challenged for this and accepted, but the interference of mutual friends prevented the duel.

NEW WORK BY THE AUTHOR OF "DARNLEY."—Mr. James's "Lives of Great Commanders" may, we understand, be expected in a few days. "A more interesting series of memoirs could not be presented to the curiosity of readers; inasmuch as in the lives of such men, romantic adventure of the most exciting kind co-exists with the sternest truth. How eagerly will the young enquirer pursue the career of Henry V. of England, of Plantagenet, Duke of Bedford, of Gonsalvo de Cordova, of the Duke of Alva, of Oliver Cromwell, of General Monk, of Marshall Turenne, of the great Conde, of the Duke of Mariborough, of Prince Eugene, of the Earl of Peterborough, of the Marquis of Granby, of General Wolfe, &c.

We understand that since the Bristol affair, Sir Charles Wetherell has resolved to adopt for his motto "*Cedant arma togæ*," on which he puts the interpretation, "that arms should never be taken up against a senator." A wag, however, with a view of applying it to the habits and peculiarities of the worthy Knight, has translated it "*there's no harm in seedy toggery.*"—*Figaro in London.*

RUSSIAN NAVY.—One day when I was on board the *Azoff*, a man fell from the main-yard into the sea, narrowly missing the Admiral's barge, which was along side. On rising to the surface, the Admiral applied his cane pretty smartly to the man's shoulders; and on my expressing some commiseration for the poor fellow's misfortune, the Admiral exclaimed, "Ah, the d—d rascal! he was near breaking my barge to atoms."

The Paris theatres have produced, during the last year, 272 new pieces—two tragedies, 27 dramas, 19 comedies, 21 operas, 30 melo-dramas, two ballets, 171 vaudevilles: 172 authors have received "the honors." Scribe (always the most prolific,) has produced 13 pieces.

Paganini allows no one to touch his violin, having in his travels, been requested that favor by some person, who after having examined it, was preparing to destroy it, when the Signor prevented him; and then determined never to trust it in the hands of any person whatever. It is a genuine Guenrerius, and he has had 300 guineas offered for it.

Mr. Mason has engaged the Countess Lazise, a lady who from domestic circumstances, has resolved to appear on the stage. She will make her debut as *Rosina*, in *the Barber of Seville*. She was to have come out at the Italian theatre at Paris, but Rossini was too late in his application.

Mr. Arnold intends, it is said, to engage the Olympic theatre for the English Opera Company next season.

THE DEAD MAN'S ANGER.—Some years since, the manager of a rope-walk in New-York, being much in want of assistance, met a person in the street, who was by profession a rigger. "Come Bill, lend us a hand to-morrow, to lay a cable; we are short of help, and can't get along without you." "Ough, Colonel, I can't work to-morrow, any how, *father is dead; he'll be mad if I don't go to the funeral.*"

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—In all probability the management of this theatre will be in new hands before the end of the week. It is believed that M. Laporte is to have it for three years, and to take possession forthwith.

On Monday last, at Providence two foreigners having a dispute, one challenged the other to other to single combat, and proceeded to Federal Hill, accompanied by forty friends each, all foreigners; a general fight ensued and several were much hurt, one having his ribs broken. They belonged to several different establishments.

A robber who was seized for stealing snuff in the shop of a tobacconist, by way of excusing himself exclaimed, that he had never heard of a law which forbade a man to *take snuff.*

A farmer observing his servant a great while at breakfast, said, 'John, you make a long meal.' 'Sir,' said John, "a turkey of this size is not so soon eat as you may think for!"

A poor old man, who could scarcely walk, once passing through Smithfield, was accosted by a young coxcomb, who jeeringly offered to take him upon his back and carry him. "No," replied the old fellow, "No, not so, I shall purchase an ass next market day."

A romantic young gentleman, smitten with the charms of an elongated piece of nature's workmanship, described his lovely mistress, as a line of

"*Lengthened sweetness, long drawn out.*"

Of all the actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people, yet of all actions of our life, 'tis most meddled with by other people.—*Selden.*

It appears by a recent statement from authority that there are in Paris 1800 chiffoneurs, who are supposed to gain a living by gathering the rags and waste paper which are thrown into the dust heaps. There is good reason, however, to believe that half of them are thieves. Under the late dynasty about 300 of the rag-gatherers were police spies.

FOREIGN SELECTIONS.

TEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the packet-ship Charlemagne, Capt. Robinson, which arrived at this port on Tuesday morning, from Plymouth, to which port she had been compelled to put back, after leaving Havre, we have received our files of London papers to the evening of the 16th ult.

The most important intelligence they contain, is that the Asiatic Cholera has made its appearance in London—that it has reached Glasgow—and is spreading in Scotland. A bill has passed the House of Commons investing Government with extraordinary powers, to prevent the spreading of the disorder. There are no indications of extraordinary alarm prevailing among the population of the Great Metropolis, still the consequence to commercial men must be severely felt.

The places where the Cholera has broken out are all inhabited by the lower classes, sailors, shipwrights, and persons connected with shipping. They are immediately on the banks of the Thames. The Docks are all situated in Wapping, Rotherhith and Limehouse, these are on one side of the River, Southwark and Lamboth are on the opposite side. The parish fire engines had been ordered out and where washing all the houses in the streets and alleys were the disorder had shown itself.

The Reform Bill was still in the House of Commons. It had made some progress, and it was positively asserted would pass in about ten days; still, it is evidently materially altered.

The agitation in Ireland had attained an alarming height; extraordinary measures had been resorted to by Government. The tithe system is clearly the root of the evil.

We extract the most important news in relation to Belgium; the twenty-four articles are not yet ratified, although the French papers continue to assert that they speedily will be. At Paris all is tranquil, and the rise in the French funds is a favorable symptom. The Austrian troops it is said are again about to evacuate Romagna. We should however doubt this fact: certain it seems to be that the French expedition is sent there solely for the purpose of restoring the authority of the Pope.

A letter from Lisbon positively states, that full reparation was about to be made by Don Miguel, for the losses inflicted by his cruizers on American commerce.

Major General Lorenzo Moore had shot Mr. Miles Stapylton in a duel fought near London; the latter gentleman though dangerously wounded was not dead. A lady was the cause of the misunderstanding between them.

PORTUGAL.—The following is an extract of a letter from Lisbon, dated Feb. 1:

"The American ships captured by the Portuguese naval forces before Terceira are about to be restored. The Portuguese commander who ordered the capture is to be suspended for a year, and an indemnity of nearly 600,000*l.* is to be paid by the Portugues treasury to the American merchants who may have suffered losses by the detention of the vessels."

GREECE.—We have the pleasure of announcing that an important decision has been come to in a conference of the Representatives of the Five Great Powers on the subject of Greece.

It has been resolved to put an end to the disturbed state of that country by establishing a regular form of Government under the direction of a Constitutional Sovereign, and for this purpose, an offer of the Crown has been made to a young German Prince of high mental qualifications and unblemished chrracter, who, it is expected, will accept the offer.

POLAND.—"The Aughsburgh Gazette of the 7th inst. contains the following, dated Elbing, Jan. 29:—"A very melancholy occurrence is now the general topic of conversation here. In the surrounding towns and villages are still from 5,000 to 6,000 Poles, who partly refuse to return to their country, and cannot do so on account of the exceptions in the Russian amnesty.

On the 27th inst., five hundred of them were ordered to assemble in the village of Fischau, two leagues from our town, in order to separate those who were not allowed to return by the exception in the amnesty from such as refuse only from fear of being amalgamated with the Russian regiments and sent into Asia. The proposed separation created in the Poles a suspicion that it was intended to enforce the return of those who had refused to accept the amnesty. They assumed a hostile position and demanded passports and protection to proceed to France, declaring they would not suffer any separation.

The officer of the Prussian detachment which attended the Poles in vain used every effort to remove all suspicion. The unfortunate Poles rushed forward unarmed to within a few steps of the pointed bayonets, when the commanding officer of the Prussians ordered his men to fire, upon which ten Poles were killed and fifteen wounded.

The Poles then retired and took the road towards Mariembourg. On their way thither others from the adjacent villages joined them. On their arrival at Mariembourg they were conveyed to the old castle, which is surrounded with a numerous military force. If immediate and decisive steps are not taken to remove these strangers in a satisfactory manner our country may be exposed to further misfortunes by their being driven to dispair.

FROM CHINA.—The ship Clematis, arrived on Wednesday morning, brought intelligence from Canton to Nov. 3d. In the papers by this arrival is an account of a Tremendous Hurricane, in which 1400 LIVES WERE LOST.

On the 13d Sept. a terrible gale occurred, which prostrated every thing in its course, and according to the official accounts communicated to the authorities at Canton after it had subsided, one thousand four hundred and five dead bodies were found on the coast.

PURIFICATION.—The brigade are still active in getting the houses and cellars of the poor cleansed from filth. Up to Saturday 3,000 cart-loads of extra manure had been obtained in this way, and upwards of 5,000 pigs either confiscated or banished the city. Still, however, the work is incomplete—the Augean stable is not yet thoroughly cleansed. On Saturday morning, in one of the closes off the High-street, a huge sow, with 13 pigs, were found in the bed-chamber of their master, four stories high. Pat protested against their being made prisoners and promised to send them to board and lodge in the country. "Och," said he, "did you ever see 13 finer jewels? Och, how proud my ould mother would be to see her Paddy have such a stock. By St. Patrick she never reared so fine a family in Tipperary in all her life. Pat was as good as his word, and the house underwent a thorough washing on Monday morning.—*Glasgow Courier.*

Hog Lane, the general rendezvous of sailors, and the Wapping of Canton, is situated at the corner of the British Factory. Almost every Chinese in the lane goes by some name that may attract the notice of the sailors, as "Jolly Jack," "Ben Bobstay," "Tom Bowline," &c. which he has painted on the outside of his shop, besides a number of advertisements endicted by tars, in the true *nautical idiom and style*, which being copied and committed to the press, exhibit on each side of the street a *Chinese edition* of the most ludicrous specimen of English literature that are perhaps at present extant in any one collection.—*Voyage to India and China.*

ASSASSINATION IN SPAIN.—There is an hospital in Seville dedicated to the sole purpose of receiving wounded persons, into which, in the course of the fourteen days of the sojourn of a recent traveller, no less than twenty-one persons had been received who had been stabbed.

Augustin Capo d'Istria has been appointed Provincial President of Greece.

THE PIRATE.—In November last, (that month of ill-omen,) a man took up in his lodgings at the house of a tavern-keeper, at Presburgh, in Hungary. He eat and drank, played and amused himself in all manner of ways, for the space of three weeks, and then disappeared, leaving behind three packing cases, with a sealed letter to the host. The publican opened the letter, and what does he read? that his departed guest is no other than his brother, whom he had not seen for forty years. By this letter, the brother gives notice of his having been many years a pirate, but disgusted at length with his mode of life, he had quitted it, with the intention of returning again to his own country to die there, in the bosom of his family, without disclosing himself: and, moreover, to leave them his wealth, the fruits and dangers of his vagabond life for forty years. The host found, in fact, the packages filled with gold and silver, and ingots, and while rejoicing in his good fortune, they brought to him the body of his brother, who had put an end to his life by blowing out his brains.

HORRIBLE NARRATIVE.—Previous to the execution of two convicts, named Edward Broughton and Matthew Macavoy, at Hobart Town, Van Dieman's Land, in August last, they made a horrible confession, which was signed by Broughton, and read publicly at the place of execution. The culprits were two of a party of five runaway convicts, viz. Richard Hutchinson, commonly called Up-and-down Dick, a tall man, who had, at one time, a large flock of sheep and a herd of cattle at Berk Hut Plains—an old man named Coventry—Patrick Fagan, a boy of a most depraved character, and the two malefactors, Broughton and Macavoy. They wandered about the woods, and as soon as their provisions were consumed, they killed Hutchinson, cut up him, up, and carried his flesh with them for food. Broughton was the man to whose lot it fell, to do the bloody deed, which he effected with an axe which they carried about with them. When they were again short of food, they agreed to kill the old man, Coventry; Fagan struck him the first blow. He saw him coming, and called out aloud for mercy; he then struck him with the axe on the head, just above the eye, but did not kill him; "myself and Macavoy finished him, and cut him to pieces. We ate greedily of the flesh, never sparing it, just as if we expected to meet with a whole bullock the next day. Fagan was afterwards destroyed in the same manner, but after enduring the most excruciating pangs from hunger, the two remaining wretches gave themselves up, and were hanged for their crimes.

A writer of the present day has discovered new and wonderful properties in the loadstone. He proves, in a very grave discussion, to the perfect satisfaction of ——himself, that the loadstone, if carried in the pocket, will keep alive friendship between brothers, union and love between husband and wife, and will be, at the same time, the touchstone of the latter's fidelity. Several husbands have already purchased this wonder-working stone, more precious to them than that of the philosopher.

PUNNING.—I am a country gentleman, with no cares except a young nephew, heir to a title and my fortune. He, sir, is a wag—a punster. At table I dispense with port wine, because he either calls it the "Sublime Porte," or abuses it, and says, "any port in a storm." Turkeys I have forbid, on account of his calling them "Turkey in Greece." He calls the Sunderland complaint the Colliery Morbus. In the last frost, when Dr. Hawes was a great surgeon, he wrote what he called an epigram—

"Perpetual freezing, and perpetual thaws,
Though bad for hips are very good for Hawes."

He writes odes to winter, beginning "All hail"—odes in skittle-grounds, beginning "Descend ye nine!" In short he enters into what he calls the Punic war every day. I am, as my nephew calls it, like the Thames at Rotherhithe greatly bored. I wish to put down his puns—he says they are worth putting down.—*Lit. Gaz.*

The following is the German mode of preventing Sunday tippling. All persons drinking and tippling upon Sundays in coffee-houses, &c. during divine service, are authorised to depart without paying for what they have had.

A CANDLE 105 YEARS OLD.—There is a candle in the possession of a Mrs. Walker, of Dalkeith, near Edinburgh, which has been lighted at the coronations of four sovereigns—beginning with George II, and ending with his present Majesty, William IV.

On Sunday, a poor man died from actual want in Capel-street, Dublin. Some humane persons, seeing that he was in pain, applied to some watchmen to remove him to an hospital. The application was refused, and the wretched being expired on the flags!

The Annual Obituary records the death of the last relation of the celebrated Addison. He was drowned while bathing at Strasburg, at the age of 22.

Dr. Lardner has resigned the chair of professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of London.

The *John Hull* states that there is every reason to believe that the country will yet be blessed with an heir apparent to the throne.

A Scotch paper announces that a society is "talked of" in Cupar, to "encourage Batchelorism and Maidism." In other words to prevent people from marrying. A superabundant population is the alleged ground for this ridiculous project.

ANOTHER MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—A young gentleman of respectability, and of good connexions, left his dwelling, 11 Elm st., and has not since been heard of. We understand he was a steady sedate young man, of excellent habits, and spent most of his evenings at home; his friends are in great distress as to his safety, as his habits and circumstances were such as to lead to no supposition that he had done violence on himself. This is the third instance in which young men of good characters have left their places of residence and have never been heard of. The most gloomy apprehensions are entertained that they have been disposed of in a violent manner.—*Com. Adv.*

NEW-YORK POLICE.

On Friday night some fellows entered the back window of the house No. 2 Oliver-st., by boring a hole above the bolt. They stole a black coat, a piece of silk, and about five shillings in cash. Before they went away, they luxuriated on a large dish of York Bank Oysters which lay on the table; from the variety of condiments they put into requisition, it is evident that they possessed more good *table* than good morals.

On Saturday morning some adroit thief carried away from the counter of the store 216 Hudson-street the following goods:—26 yards Gros de Nap, 8 yards Pink Florence silk, 18 yards of white satin, besides several other articles.

A THIEF CAPTURED.—On Sunday night (says the Boston Patriot and Advertiser,) a thief was taken in the store of Mr. Calvin Bailey, Commercial-street, under the following circumstances. Some person told Mr. A. on Sunday that his store door was open, and on examination it was found that it had been opened by false keys, and the safe robbed. He engaged two young men to remain in the counting room that night, locking the door, and at a late hour, the thief unlocked the door and walked in, probably to make further examination, and opening his dark lanthern he discovered the young men sitting there, who politely asked him to be seated. He declined, saying two young men were waiting for him outside, and then extinguished his light. They then seized and secured him. A pocket book taken from the safe the night previous was found upon him.

SCIENCE OF KICKING.—We had the good or evil fortune of seeing the payment of $6 (odd cents) at the police court, by a man who had publicly meddled with the *honor* of a man's person, by using *contra legis*, the toe of his boot, versus a gentleman's kitchen part of his soul's domicil. "Percussion locks" will soon be in fashion unless kicking goes out of use. The old Scotchman's prayer was brought forcibly to memory. "We pray that we may never kick or be kicked, but if either one of the two, let us rather kick than be kicked."

DOMESTIC ARTICLES.

Original and Selected.

"LIFE IN NEW-YORK," *a curious and rare book not yet published, containing and illustrating divers sing ular matters that transpire weekly in our goodly city.*

We have had a sly peep into the manuscript of this veritable history, and herewith present our readers with a few morsels stolen therefrom. We intend at some future day to give a sketch of the author of this inestimable work. We have now only time to say, that although he has chosen to register his observations in staid prose, yet the enthusiasm and poetry that ever and anon burst forth in his pages, fully entitle him to the surpassingly elegant eulogy bestowed upon a classical "bucktail bard" by "that gigantic Grecian, Dr. Parr."—

"Turn, o ye, and peep the book I've writ,
'Tis, ope a thousand days and guess next."*

But we fear we are detaining our readers too long from the book itself.

CHAPTER 1st. Contains a general outline of the author's plan, and a brief but masterly exhibition of the importance of his work to his readers in general, but more particularly to his own reputation, which is staked upon its success. The next two Chapters are rather unsatisfactory, and give by no means a fair idea of the authors power.

CHAPTER 4th.—Is more to our taste, but still not in the author's most felicitous style. We give an extract in which he gives vent to his indignation at a plan for running a street through Trinity Church yard. His geneological extraction may be *guessed at* from his peculiarities of thinking, although his apparent partiality to Trinity Church rather *boggles* us.

"It grieveth me to record the events which mark the degeneracy of these times, but they do so force themselves upon me, that I should forfeit my character for veracity as an historian, were I to pass over in silence the recent flagrant attempt to disturb the repose of the sleeping fathers of our city. Time was, when our streets were allowed to take their natural course; and men were satisfied to rear their stately mansions upon the side of the paths established by the cows in their rambles to and from the pastures. What a picture of tranquil comfort did our city then present. From the log hut to the Dutch palace "with its brick front, glazed windows and tiled roof," surrounded with the luxuriant cabbage yard, every thing told of "the prosperity of a city destitute of pride or ambition, cherished by a fat government, and whose citizens did nothing in a hurry." Ah! those are days to think upon, not again to be enjoyed.

"Every thing has changed, but nothing more than the character of the rulers of the city. In those days, the well fed, robustious burgomaster," "with their round, sleek, fat, unwieldy bellies," were generally chosen by their weight;—now it is your lean, hungry men, "who are continually worrying society and sitting the whole community by the ears," who frame our laws and plan our streets. And now those half-starved, speculating councilmen not satisfied with pulling down half the town about our ears, must all at once turn resurrectionists and run a street directly through a well stocked church yard, peradventure they might thus ingratiate themselves with the Doctors. We have heard that the horrid practice of "snatching" is tolerated among those bundling, onion-growing Yankees, and that among them men deem it not sacrilig ous, as it were, to dig up, and cut up, and boil up, and wire up their own grandfathers, and even utter profane jests while engaged in these unholy processes at the expense of their maltreated sires. But we had hoped the abominable sin was confined to those psalm-singing marauders, and little did we expect to be called upon to check it in our own chosen residence, much less, in the chosen guardians of our peace and safety.

"And what is the object of the mighty commotion to be made among the bones of our venerated dead? Why, forsooth, that a hungry Alderman, leaving his accustomed route of Thames or Rector street, may arrive one minute sooner at his dinner by stalking through the graves of Trinity Church-Yard."

* "Genius you have, and from your book I know it,
Oh, you're a clever dog, and funny poet."

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LOVE MAKING.

BY A CALM OBSERVER.

It has often struck me in the course of an hour's rambling meditation and speculation on matters in general, that this business of making love is most sadly ill-done, overdone, (or I had almost said undone,) when conducted in accordance with the irrevocable and unanimous fashion, taste or custom, of this egregiously wise world. Strange it is, that while the multitude compare the difficulties of a lover, (I speak of him, only, whose ladylove has not yet shown symptoms of reciprocal tenderness; whose intended father-in-law presumes to talk about the "great disparity of their circumstances," or some such rascally impertinence, and confines his darling to an unapproachable chamber; or whom some of the thousand other calamities "which *love* is heir to," has placed on the list of the hopeless, yet *hoping* no others deserve the name of lover,)—it is incomprehensible, I say, while the world likens him to a warrior engaged in a doubtful and desperate conflict, that they should not follow out the parallel, and encourage him to enter upon the task of surmounting these formidable obstacles to his happiness, with the firm nerve and undaunted bearing which the soldier finds so indispensable in braving and overcoming *his* dangers and difficulties. Why is it, (or rather, why should it be,) when all other high emprizes are commenced and prosecuted with steadfast resolution and stout-hearted determination, that this most ticklish of undertakings should be entered upon in a spirit of despondency, and with a visage which would seem to bespeak the hero's plentiful lack of inclination for the task on which he has too boldly adventured? And then the sighs, the blushes, the unutterable confusion, and all that sort of thing, which constitute so large a portion of a love declaration, alike in real life and in romance, must be allowed to be in the age of philosophy, (and we hold philosophy to be simply a refinement on common sense,) nay, they certainly are nothing but the most ineffable nonsense! Indeed, I have often admired the justness and pertinence of a question somewhere addressed to a love-lorn swain, which appears to unite (singularly enough) sense with poetry:

"If looking WELL can't please her,
Will looking ILL prevail?"

But to turn from reasonings to facts as they form the basis of all true philosophy, I shall proceed to illustrate and establish my theory by relating an adventure of my dashing friend Bea Dauntless, who, conjointly with "yours, &c." holds undisputed possession and practice of this system of *heart-reading* tactics.

Mr Richard Dauntless, my hero, on coming upon the stage of life, or rather on finding that he had already been some eighteen years thereon to very little purpose, except the addition of sundry feet and inches to his perpendicular altitude, discovered that he possessed the universal desire of wealth and distinction, in short of happiness, in most obnoxious conjunction with a general want of the preliminary advantages which enabled some to attain those envied blessings. He would not calculate on rising in the world on the strength of his learning, for even he was aware that it was by no means extraordinary; of his influential relatives, *for alas!* they now belonged to the "things that were," nor of his worldly goods, for they, still more unfortunately, must be classed with the things that never were. Even his industry, he modestly concluded, was by no means so pre-eminent as to inspire a hope that it would alone effect his advancement. What then remained? Something—no, every thing was still left to Dick, —a quality not often ranked among the absolute requisites in the formation of the character, either of a man of the world or a favorite of the fair, but still a desideratum in both. That quality, termed by himself self-possession; by others independence, or impudence, according as they fancied it, Dick determined to make the foundation of his fortune—wisely acting upon the rule of following the natural bent of his genius, and rising on the strength of the most brilliant only of his talents, while he reserved the remainder fresh and untired for exertion in case of necessity.

But I purpose not to write "The Life and Adventures of Richard Dauntless, Gent."—Suffice it to say that his two-and twentieth birth-day found him quietly situated in a counting-room, with his head full of magnificent schemes for pushing his fortune, while his pockets were well calculated to supply him with a capacious receptacle for any snug sum he might chance to pick up not being in the least encumbered with prior occupants, unless indeed in the shape of tailors' bills, and other similar memoranda, which, though holding a conspicuous position among the matters of course of your gentleman exquisite, are yet very rarely classed as "bankable paper."

It may not surprise any one to learn that my friend Dick, circumstanced as aforesaid, should happen to fall in love with Miss Celestina Aurelia Languish, a belle, who to the usual perfections (for description see the last novel) superadded the irresistible charm of being the heiress of real estate and bank stock, to the tune of some hundreds of thousands. It was only the *manner* in which he paid his addresses which excited the envy of his rivals, and the wonder of the crowd. Others might *presume* to sue for her hand; but Dick *condescended* to think of Miss Celestina as a partner for life, and even admitted that her surpassing loveliness had led him to think more favorably, or at least less unfavorably, of matrimony. Others might implore her for a favorable consideration, and a speedy termination of the uncertainty which distracted them; Dick, on the contrary, avowed his purpose of weighing well the important bearings which marriage would have on his welfare before he committed himself irrevocably by a tender of his heart and hand, or, in parliamentary phrase, by "moving the previous question."

Thus matters stood as long as it suited the seemingly indifferent beau to keep them in this position. Miss Languish was not less surprised and pleased, than her admirers, at the original mode of courtship which he practised; but the case was absolutely without remedy. She could not dismiss him (in common parlance, "give him the *mit*") for he had not fairly enrolled himself among her worshippers; she could not inform him that "his attentions were disagreeable," for they were by no means assiduous or even remarkable; and she could not surely give him to understand that he must look elsewhere for a wife, while she knew so well the superlative coolness with which the beau would be certain to remind her that such announcement was yet quite unseasonable if not entirely supererogative.

At last even the impertinable spirit of the beau seemed to have become weary of the listlessness of this singular mode of ingratiating himself with the mistress of his affections. He had passed some months in a sort of half courtship, barely giving the lady and the world to understand that he was inwardly cogitating on the respective advantages and disadvantages of a life of single blessedness contrasted with its opposite. I need not say that friend Dick—not happening to belong to that very numerous portion of the community, the dunces—was by no means so nearly asleep during this time, as it pleased the said worshipful community to suspect. By taking the course which his genius had devised, he had induced a general persuasion, (in which the lady in question participated) that he could not have fallen in love with her goods and chattels, or his passion would have been much more fervent; and besides, his indifference had excited the damsel (who, by the way, had a spice of the coquette in her disposition) to attempt a complete conquest over him, if it were only or the triumph of rejecting him.

It was in this state of affairs that Dick determined on bringing matters to a crisis; and accordingly, without wasting time at petitions, he embraced the opportunity afforded by the first fine afternoon, to call upon the maiden of his choice, and make her a frank and deliberate offer of the heart in fee simple and the hand in matrimony of Richard Dauntless, Esq. The particulars of this tete-a-tete I have never been able to draw from him; but the answer of his beloved to his proposition, was a most positive veto on his pretensions and hopes. I know not whether, according to the most approved method, he should have fainted, whimpered, or simply have heaved a dozen or two of the most profound sighs, when the fatal announcement was made; but of this I am quite certain, he did nothing of the kind. He turned abruptly away, whether to conceal or feign embarrassment, or for some other purpose, the lady could not divine; and stepping to the door, his eye caught the figure of a well known friend, who happened to be passing, and an idea flashed upon his mind which at once changed the aspect of affairs. "I say, Tom," he called out gaily to the other, "will you just step this way a minute! you see, Charley Remont has bet me a dozen of champaigne that I dare not make love to Miss Languishus though I were in earnest, but I'm a saint if I haven't been preaching the most delectable nonsense to her for an hour; and I don't believe I could have done better if I had really been over head and ears in love, do you think I could, Miss Languish?"

The lady, thus appealed to, blushed, frowned, and looked every way but comfortable or triumphant; and Dick took his final leave of her, to the mutual satisfaction of the parties. But nothing could keep the adventure from becoming public; and, in spite of all efforts to suppress it, the whisper went the rounds of the fashionables that Dick Dauntless had refused the hand of Miss Languish rather than that she had rejected him: on the strength of which he was enabled to win and marry the next heiress whom he honored with his addresses, and now, in affluence and happiness, laughs at the manners and customs of the world, and those who blindly follow them.

In St. John, N. B. recently, according to the Colonist, a pair of "lovers true" were arrested on a charge against the man, (a country schoolmaster of the *new* school,) of abduction and theft, having eloped from near Fredericton with the wife of a respectable farmer, £87 in cash, and other trifles. The "frail one" left behind five children, one 8 months old in the cradle.

Travelling is certainly a more pleasant as well as more natural mode of getting through the world, than remaining stationary. Some how or other, whether at a snail's pace or a bullet's pace —whether in motion or at rest—we all get through the world: *we never knew a man stopped!*

The following exquisite morceau has already appeared in a cotemporary print; but we readily adopt the suggestion of a friend to treat our patrons with a re-publication of it. The fidelity of the copy will recommend it to many a reader, who has probably seen many originals, that might have sat for the portrait.

COUSIN SALLY DILLIARD.

SCENE.—*A Court of Justice in North Carolina.*

A beardless disciple of Themis rises, and thus addresses the court:—May it please your worships and you gentlemen of the jury, since it has been my fortune (good or bad I will not say,) to exercise myself in legal disquisitions, it has never before befallen me to be obligated to denounce a breach of the peace so enormous and transcending as the one now claiming attention. A more barbarous, direful, marked, and malignus assault—a more wilful, violent, dangerous and murderous battery, and finally, a more diabolical breach of the peace, has seldom happened in a civilized country, and I dare say it has seldom been your duty to pass upon one so shocking to benevolent feelings as this—which took place at Capt. Rice's in this county; but you will hear it from the witnesses.—The witnesses being sworn, two or three were examined and deposed—one, that he heard the noise, but did not see the fight—another, that he saw the row, but don't know who struck first—and a third, that he was very drunk, and could'nt say much about the scrimmage.

Lawyer Chops.—I am sorry gentlemen, to have occupied so much of your time with the stupidity of the witnesses examined. It arose, gentlemen, altogether from misapprehension on my part. Had I known, as I now do, that I had a witness in attendance, who was well acquainted with all the circumstances of the case, and was able to make himself clearly and intelligibly understood by the court and jury, I should not so long have trespassed on your time and patience. Come forward, Mr. Harris, and be sworn.

So forward comes the witness, a fat, chuffy looking man, "*a leetle corned*," and took his corporal oath with an air.

Chops.—Mr. Harris, we want you to tell all about the riot that happened the other day at Rice's, and as a good deal of time has already been wasted in circumlocution, we wish you to be as compendious, and at the same time as explicit as possible.

Harris.—"Exactly," giving the lawyer a knowing wink, at the same time clearing his throat.—Capt. Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house, and axed me if my wife, she moughtn't go.—I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had a touch of the Rheumatics in her hip, and the big swamp was up, for there had been a heap of rain lately; but however, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mought go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that Mose, she was foreman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass; but however, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose, he mought go.

Chops.—In the name of common sense, Mr. Harris, what do you mean by this rigmarole?

Witness.—Capt. Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife, she moughtn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops.—Stop sir, if you please, we don't want to hear any thing about cousin Sally Dilliard and your wife; tell us about the fight at Rice's.

Witness.—Well I will, sir, if you will let me.

Chops.—Well, sir, go on.

Witness.—Well, Capt. Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house and axed me if my wife, she moughtn't go—

Chops.—We want to know about the fight, and you must not proceed in this impertinent story. Do you know any thing about the matter before the court?

Witness.—To be sure I do.

Chops.—Will you go on and tell it, and nothing else?

Witness.—Well Capt. Rice, he gin a treat—

Chops.—This is intolerable! May it please the court, I move that this witness be committed for a contempt—he seems to me to be trifling with the court.

Court.—Witness, you are now before a court of justice, and unless you behave yourself in a more becoming manner, you will be sent to jail; so begin and tell what you know about the fight at Capt. Rice's.

Witness.—*(alarmed)*—Well, gentlemen, Capt. Rice, he gin a treat, and Cousin Sally Dilliard—

Chops.—I hope this witness may be ordered into custody.

Court.—*(after deliberating.)*—Mr. Attorney, the court is of opinion that we may save time by letting the witness go on in his own way. Proceed Mr. Harris, with your story, but stick to the point.

Witness.—Yes, gentlemen. Well Capt. Rice, he gin a treat, and cousin Sally Dilliard, she came over to our house, and axed me if my wife, she moughtn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard that my wife was poorly, being as how she had the rheumatics in the hip, and the big swamp was in the road, and the big swamp was up; but howsomever, as it was she cousin Sally Dilliard, my wife she mought go. Well, cousin Sally Dilliard then asked me if Mose, he moughn't go. I told cousin Sally Dilliard as how Mose, he was foreman of the crop, and the crop was smartly in the grass—but howsomever, as it was she, cousin Sally Dilliard, Mose he mought go. So on they goes together, Mose, my wife, and cousin Sally Dilliard, and they comes to the big swamp, and the big swamp was up, as I was telling you—but being as how there was a log across the big swamp, cousin Sally and Mose like genteel folks, they walks the log—but my wife, like a d——d fool, hoists up her petticoat and waded. And, gentlemen, that's the heighth of what I know about it.—*Sat. Pic. Post.*

SEVERN FISH.—It is a curious fact, that since the brig Java was stranded on Cape Cod, near Nauset harbor, Cod fish have been more abundant near the shore than was ever known previous to that event. We are informed, on credible authority, that from the fish caught from a small row boat in one day, nearly half a bushel of nutmegs, besides a quantity of coffee, was taken.

One fish, a "real screamer," had no less than fifteen nutmegs in his clam basket, and others nearly as many. There must be "terrible goings on" down below; we should not wonder if they were about to celebrate a centennial anniversary on the Grand Banks, and that these sea-foragers were the purveyors. The brig Pacific went ashore recently near the same place, with a cargo of molasses, and it would not surprise us if they were Yankees enough to have a "lick" at that too. We hope, however, as they are all water drinkers, that no shark will persuade them to set up a distillery.—*Bos. Transcript.*

SWEEPSTAKE RACES,
NEWMARKET, VA.

THE Proprietor respectfully informs subscribers and non-subscribers, that the following Sweepstakes are proposed to be run over the New-Market Course, at the times therein specified. Some of them are closed, others not closed—and to them additional subscribers are invited.

1st—A Stud Stake, for spring 1832, with three years old; mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; four subscribers, and closed, viz:

James J. Harrison, the get of Arab
John M. Botts, Gohanna
Thomas Watson, Tonson, and
William R. Johnson, Medley.

2nd—A Sweepstake for Spring, 1832, with three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit; fifteen subscribers, and closed—viz:

1 Wm. B. Goodwyn enters Tonsen filly, out of Chance Mare.
2—F. P. Corbin, b. c. by Trafalgar, do Isabella's Sister.
3—Thos. Watson, b. c. by Tonson, do. sister to Tuckahoe.
4—W. H. Minge, b. f. by Contention, do Lady Creighton.
5—Wm. Wynn, c. by Tonson, do Isabella.
6—O. P. Hare, c. c Contention do Calypso
7—John D. Amis, H. Wilkinson's colt by Archie do Ratler Mare.
8—Abner Robinson, (no entry in time)
9—W. R. Johnson, A. R. Govan's, b. c. full brother to Polly Jones.
10—John M. Botts, Gohanna filly, do Clifford's dam.
11—Edw'd. O. Watkins, ro. c. by Tonson, od Quicksilver.
12—John Minge, Jr. b. c. by Arab, do Merino Ewe.
13—John Walthall, br. c. by Hal, do Remus mare.
14—Jas. J. Harrison, R. K. Mead's Gohanna f. do Lady La Grange.
15—John Flinn, b. c. by Tonson, do Virginian mare.

3rd—A Sweepstake for fall 1832, with three years old; two mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; a few subscribers, and will not close till April 15, 1832.

4th—A produce sweepstake for spring 1833, with three years old; mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit, nine subscribers and closed.

1—John M. Botts, enters produce of Phillis by Medley.
2—James M. Selden, Dioned mare, by Tonson
3—John Walthall, Remus mare, by Medley,
4—Thomas Watson, Lafayette's dam, by Tonson.
5—W. H. Minge, Francisco mare, by Medley
6—Wm. R. Johnson, Sally Walker, by Medley
7—James J. Harrison, Archie mare, by Sir Archie.
8—Robert C. Williamson, Herod mare, by Medley.
9—Edward Wyatt, Archie mare, by Tonson

5th—A Sweepstake for fall 1833, with three years old; two mile heats; $200 entrance, half forfeit; two subscribers, and will not close till January 1, 1833.

6th—A produce Sweepstake for spring 1834, with three years old; mile heats; $100 entrance, half forfeit, ten subscribers and closed.

1—William Wynn, enters produce of Isabella by Merlin.
2—Abner Robinson, produce of Flirtilla
3—Thomas Ridley, Shylock mare, by Marion
4—G. Goodwyn, Archie mare, by Timoleon
5—William B. Goodwyn, Chance mare by Timoleon.
6—Benj. Shapard, Herod mare, by Sir Charles
7—John P. White, Mischief, by do
8—James Sanl. G. Baker, Atlantic mare, by Marion.
9—Wm. M. West, Gallatin mare, by
10—John C. Goode, Archduke mare, by Cadmus.

Feb. 17, O. P. HARE, Pro'r.

COLTS SWEEPSTAKE.

ON Wednesday the 16th of May, 1832, a Colt's Sweep-Stake will be run for over the Lexington Course—two mile heats—free for any Colts foaled in the State of Georgia, the Spring of 1829. Entrance 50 dollars, one half forfeit on failure to run. Five already entered.

And on the following day a Sweep-Stake, mile heats, over the same course, will be run for—free only for Colts foaled in the State, the Spring of 1829—30 dollars entrance, one half forfeit—two entered, and four to constitute a race. The races to be governed by the rules of the turf.

Persons wishing to enter Colts for either of the above Races, can do so by application, written or personal, to John D. Watkins, Secretary, by giving the name and pedigree of his Colt, at any time before Saturday the 17th of March, 1832.

Subscriptions will be received by the Secretary for a Sweep Stake Race, two mile heats, to be run for on the 18th May—free for Horses of all ages raised in the State, and who never won a Jockey Club Purse—weights according to age—four or more to constitute a race—Entrance 50 dollars, half forfeit. One gentleman has left his name with the Secretary, and will bind himself, when enough shall do so, to make the race. Subscriptions to this race will also be closed the 17th of March.

P. S. The members of the Oglethorpe association, for the improvement of the breed of horses, are requested to meet in Lexington on Saturday the 17th March next, when business of importance will be laid berore them.

S. D. CHILDS,
Engraver on Wood, 175, Broadway,
NEW-YORK.

Musical Instruments, &c.

JUST RECEIVED from the Brig Laura, two cases of Music and Musical Instruments; consisting of Violins, bound with Ivory, and Patent Screws; Violin Bows, inlaid with Pearl and Silver, of superior workmanship; beautiful Guitars, with Machine Screws, inlaid with Pearl; Violin Pegs, do. extra fine, with Ebony and Pearl sides; do. Tail Pieces; do. Bridges; Violin Strings. Military Instruments, consisting of Concert Horns, with 4, 6, and 9 pair of Crooks, Trumpets, Bass and Tenor Trombones, Bass Horns, also a new and beautiful instrument named the Bombadore, with twelve keys.

New Music for the Piano and Flute; Duetts for two Flutes; Overtures for two Flutes; Operas for two Violins; do. for two Violins and Bass Viol; Guitar Music; Trios for Flutes, &c.

Also on hand, a large assortment of Instruments of his own manufacture; Splendid Eight-keyed Flutes, Clarionets, Double and Single Flageolets, and Accordions. The Accordion is played upon by the hands, with gentle motion, and emits most beautiful sounds. The above articles can be had on the most liberal terms, at the store of

C. G. CHRISTMAN, 398 Pearl-street.

To Printers and Publishers.

THE subscriber's expectations having been more than realized in the sale of his LIGHT FACE PRINTING TYPE, he takes this opportunity of returning thanks for the favours received. He hopes, by the exertions made and now making of bring out new articles, which may be depended upon for service, as well as in Stereotyping as Printing, that his Typographical Brethren, and Publishers, will find it beneficial to themselves to continue their patronage.

A new and complete series of Alphabets, from Agate to English, NEW STYLE, (hair lines rather stouter than any heretofore got up in this country,) are now in a state of forwardness, Agate, Minion, Brevier, and Long Primer, are complete, impressions of which can be seen on application; this style of type is more particularly calculated for Newspaper Printing.

The demand for the subscriber's Type, and Stereotype, has been so extensive, that he has been induced to enlarge his establishment by an additional building—so that he is now prepared to execute the most extensive orders in either line, with much greater facility than heretofore; and on as favourable terms, as to credit, &c. as are offered at similar establishments.

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LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, March 24, 1832.

A WORD TO THE WISE, &c.

We recommend to the attention of certain petticoat editors an extract from a learned commentator on the laws of England. We do this, certainly, from no ill feeling towards our *sisters of the quill*, (heaven defend us from such disloyalty to the sex!) but as a friendly caution to those inexperienced members of the *sister*-hood, whose anxious zeal for freedom of the tongue and liberty of the press may betray into bursts of feeling, which those quibbling fellows, the lawyers, are ever ready to seize upon. But to the extract:—"A *common scold, communis rixatrix*, (for our law Latin confines it to the feminine gender,) is a public nuisance to her neighborhood. For which offence *she may be* indicted, and if convicted, shall be sentenced to be placed in a certain engine of correction called the trebucket, castigatory, or *ducking* stool, which in the Saxon language is said to signify the scolding stool: though now it is frequently corrupted into *ducking* stool, because the residue of the judgment is, that, when she is so placed therein, she shall be plunged in the water for her punishment."

SUPREME COURT OF PUBLIC OPINION.

To the Editor of the N. E. Galaxy, Greeting—

Sir,—You are hereby requested to "shew cause if any you have," why an article in your paper of the 17th inst. should not by us be pronounced libellous and false, wherein you accuse the editors of this paper with plagiarism in the following words, to wit:

"We encountered in the last *New-York Spirit of the Times*, three of our own humble *editorials* not only copied, but even adopted, and introduced into fashionable life as the veritable children of our Southern brother's brain.

You will, sir, confer on us a great obligation by so doing, in your Galaxy of next week, and your petitioners, as in duty bound, will ever pray,

Editors *Spirit of the Times.*

RACES TO COME.

We have been unable this week to ascertain when the Races on the Union Course, Long Island, will take place. We hope to be able in our next to give every information to the friends of the Turf.

We are indebted to the Am. Turf Register for the following notices, which may be depended on.

Dutchess County (N. Y.) Races. We have named our spring meeting one week earlier than usual, for the purpose of giving our horses a chance of contending at your meeting on the Central course the latter part of May.

The next spring races, over the Dutchess county course, will commence on Tuesday, the 15th of May, and continue three days.

First day, at 12 o'clock, a sweepstake for three year old colts; one mile heats; for $300 each, $100 forfeit;—eight subscribers.

At 2 o'clock, two mile heats; purse $200.

Second day, at 2 o'clock, three mile heats; purse $300.

Third day, at 2 o'clock, four mile heats; purse $500.

Poughkeepsie, Feb. 10, 1832.

Alex. Forbus, *Secretary.*

Eagle Course (*Trenton, N. J.*) Races.—"I will give a purse of $100 for Pelham colts, three years old, on the Eagle course; entrance $20. The purse to the winning horse; two-thirds of entrance to the second horse, and one-third to the third horse.

Bordentown, N. J. Feb. 13, 1832.

James Davidson.

Jerusalem (*Va.*) Races. The second spring meeting will commence the second Tuesday in April next, and continue four days.

First day, a sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; one mile heats; entrance $100, h. f. Four subscribers to make a race—two already entered; and to close the 1st of April.

Second day, proprietor's purse of $150; two mile heats.

Third day, jockey club purse of $500; three mile heats.

Fourth day, a sweepstakes for three year old colts and fillies; mile heats; entrance $500, h. f. Four subscribers to make a race—one already entered; to close the 1st day of April next.

R. S. Nicholson, *Proprietor.*

Middleburg (*Va.*) Jockey Club Race. A stake for three and four years old colts and fillies, to be run over the Middleburgh course, on Tuesday, the 22d of May next, mile heats. The conditions are, $50 entrance, half forfeit. The race to be subject to the rules and regulations of the Club; to close the 1st day of April.

Thomas J. Noland, *Secretary.*

Lexington (*Geo.*) Races. On Wednesday, the 16th of May, 1832, a colt's sweepstakes will be run for over the Lexington course; two mile heats; free for any colt foaled in the State of Georgia in the spring of 1829. Entrance 50 dollars, h. f.

On the following day, a sweepstakes; mile heats; free only for colts foaled in the state in the spring of 1829; $30 entrance, h. f.

Subscriptions will be received by the secretary for a sweepstakes race, two mile heats, to be run for on the 18th May; free for horses of all ages raised in the state, and who never won a jockey club purse. Weights according to age; four or more to constitute a race; entrance $50, h. f. To close the 17th of March.

John D. Watkins, *Secretary.*

The English Sporting Magazine for February, among many other anecdotes, which will be read with zest by the admirer of field-sports, contains the following one of George IV, and Sir John Lade:—

"Some twenty years ago, the then Prince of Wales was in the habit of paying an almost constant visit to Sir John, to pass away part of his evening. Finding the sporting baronet one night unusually low spirited, he kindly inquired the cause, which after some reluctance and hesitation, was explained, and which was on account of Lady Lade's nephew, a great favorite of her husband and herself, being embarked, and about to sail immediately for India in the service, his Royal highness having obtained for him a cadetship. The ship was already at Gravesend, and there were many probabilities of her being then in the Downs. The Prince nevertheless said, 'Johnny, there is still a chance left; send down immediately, and if he is not beyond our reach, I will provide for him otherwise.' A friend of Sir John's undertook the task; one of his fleetest horses was saddled, and after the first stage, he rode past and actually brought back young Daly, having fractured his collar-bone on the way to seek him. The Prince kept his word, and appointed him in his own regiment, the 10th, where he served with credit to himself, but fell a victim at the fatal retreat from Corunna.

Sea Dog.—While some fishermen were rowing up Newton Creek a few days since, they discovered a sea dog, purloining some fish from a bass net. He was surprised and taken, and brought to this city. We understand that Dr. Scudder, of the American Museum, has purchased him for exhibition.

Wm. J. Dunne.—The case of Dunne, who figured so prominently in the Conspiracy trial, has excited a good deal of interest in this city. To sentence him to five years hard labor for altering a receipt from 6 to 10 dollars, seems, at first thought, rather hard. Yet if the proof against him was clear, and of this we are not aware, we have a right to question it after his conviction, tho' it seems almost too much. A meeting has been called to take into consideration the facts in the case. We confess that the notice calling the meeting looks rather "squally."

Attempted Outrage.—A few evenings since, three little girls of the age from 10 to 14, returning home unattended, were assaulted in Broadway, near the corner of Duane street, by some ruffians. One of the three was seized, and dragged violently down Duane street—the strings of her cloak being drawn tight around her throat, so as almost to cause suffocation, and prevent her cries for relief. She succeeded in escaping from the grasp of her assailant; but was so overcome by her struggles that she fainted. This was at 9 o'clock, and there were no watchmen in the vicinity.

King William the III. had a Frenchman who took care of his pointers, and whose duty it was also to load and deliver the fowling pieces to the king. One day, however, it chanced that Monsieur forgot to bring any shot with him to the field. Not daring to confess his negligence to so passionate a man, and so eager a sportsman, he gave his majesty the gun charged only with powder. The king fired without effect; the cunning Frenchman shrugged up his shoulders, turned up his eyes, folded his hands, and exalting the monarch's skill in shooting, declared he had never seen *sa Majeste* miss his aim before in all his life.

Fox Chase Extraordinary.—The gamekeeper of the Rev. Mr. Phillips, whilst brushing for a hare, with but two dogs, started an immense dog-fox, to which the greyhounds instantly gave chase, and after following him over two or three fields, came so close to his brush that Reynard was obliged to face his pursuers. Only one of the dogs would venture on an attack to which they were so unaccustomed. A furious battle ensued, and the dog after several rounds, was beaten off and kept at bay, though still ready to pounce on the fox the moment he moved. The gamekeeper, who by this time came up, encouraged the dog to renew the attack, and on his returning to the combat, the dog was caught by his antagonist just below the eye, and stuck fast. The gamekeeper seized Reynard by the back of the neck, and with the assitance of some men who were on the spot finally secured and carried him home in triumph, without his having received a single scratch.

Sherborne Mercury.

Fatal Accident from Hunting.—We regret having to announce the death of the Rev. Mr. Price, Rector of Lower Weedon, Northamtonshire occasioned by an injury received while hunting with Mr. Osbaldiston's foxhounds, on Tuesday. The Reverend gentleman joined the chace at the place of meeting, Stowe Wood; and a fox being soon found in a neighboring covert, a spirited chase took place, the fox making off at a slapping pace in the direction of Everdon. In leaping a brook at the latter place, the reverend gentleman's horse fell with him, but without doing him any injury, and on getting up, considering the accident to be the fault of the horse, he administered the whip to it pretty smartly; after which he remounted, and followed the hunt. On coming to a fence at the extremity of the field, the horse, in clearing it (probably stimulated to increased exertion by the chastisement it had so recently received) unusually high, and in the descent the reverend gentleman was thrown with great force against the pommel of his saddle, and bruised so dreadfully, that he almost immediately fell to the ground.—The utmost sympathy and attention was shown to the reverend gentleman by the large field of huntsmen who witnessed the accident, by whose directions he was promptly removed to the house of a gentleman in the vicinity, and expresses sent off for a physician and a surgeon, who shortly after arrived; but the injuries received were so extensive, and of such a nature, as to defy the utmost exertions of their professional skill, and the reverend gentleman expired within six hours afterwards, having endured in the interval the most excruciating pain. Intelligence of the melancholy occurrence was conveyed to Mr. Abbey, solicitor of Northampton, one of the Coroners for the county, who has held an inquest on the body, at which the above facts having been proved in evidence, a verdict of accidental death was recorded.

Extraordinary Hurling.—On Saturday last, a young man went into a field near Middleton and threw a stone with the greatest apparent ease to the distance of 160 yards.

A capital foot race was run over Kersal Moor, on Wednesday, between two celebrated runners from Stayley Bridge, James Clayton and Robert Tonge. The race was one mile, for 20 sovereigns a-side, and was won in good style by the latter, in ten and a half seconds under five minutes. There were upwards of four thousand people present.

Sensible Ducks.—At the Kirkdale Sessions, two men were tried for stealing poultry. In the course of the trial, two ducks were produced, which immediately began quacking. The prosecutor was called to identify them, and, being asked by the counsellor how he knew them, he replied, "I know them by their voices." One of the ducks responded with a "quack," by way of amen, on which the learned gentlemen observed, "he also thought the duck recognised the prosecutor." The court was convulsed with laughter.

DEER HUNTING BY LAMP LIGHT.

Our readers may recollect our publishing a few weeks since, an article under the above caption, from the Sporting Magazine. The American, after noticing the work, gives the writer the following "rap over the knuckles."

"The writer, an officer in the army, is mistaken in thinking this method of killing deer peculiar to the banks of the Mississippi. The murderous practice of blowing the animal's brains out, when his gaze is fixed upon a torch in the bow of a skiff that approaches within a few feet of him by night, prevails to a considerable extent in our northern counties, where deer yet abound. In Hamilton county, and probably in others where lakes are numerous, they have a still more unsportsman-like way of supplying themselves with venison. They rarely go out in a lake to fish without carrying a forked pole with a noose on the end, in the boat. The fisherman, or one of his friends, generally owns a single hound, and this solitary dog trots off to nose a buck, while his master is pulling up trout. In due time, the dog brings his deer to the lake, and the moment he takes the water the man rows up, puts his noose over his "innocent nose," and the deer drowns himself in three minutes. In this way, large numbers are taken near the head waters of the Hudson, and that too when the animal is in its red coat, and only serviceable for its hide. The carcase at that season of the year is so poor, that it sinks at once in the water, and the skin would therefore be lost, if the deer were shot. So tame are those creatures in this romantic and but little visited region, that the writer of this, during the last summer, saw three at a time, gazing in different quarters, within half a rifle shot of a skiff from which he was fishing. When fired upon from a more distant boat in which there chanced to be a rusty musket, two of them retired slowly within the shelter of the underwood; the third, a noble buck, after standing one shot unmoved, snorted at the report of a second, tossed his antlers in the air, and bounded off into the forest. The moose, which naturalists would have us believe is not to be found south of the St. Lawrence, is hunted very successfully near the sources of the Sacondaga and around the Indian Lake, where lies the country of which we speak."

The Gazette, of Madrid, compares Ferdinand VII. to Titus. In fact, when this benevolent Prince passes a day without causing one of his subjects to be hanged or shot, he exclaims, like the Roman Prince, "I have lost a day."—*Figaro*

When the Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick was confined in the fortress of Custrin, she received from her mother, the Duchess of Brunswick, as a new-year's gift, a gown of Lyons silk. The custom-house officer of the town, who was a Frenchman, brought the packet himself to the castle, and insisted upon opening and inspecting it, on the ground of obedience to the King's orders, and the necessity of executing his duties with fidelity. The Princess having repeatedly forbid his touching her gown, and ordered him to leave the room, at length gave him a box on the ear. Upon this the man retired, and drew up an elaborate complaint to the King upon the subject. Fredrick sent it back to the chief of the customs, with this postscript—". In this affair, the loss of the duties falls upon me; the piece of silk must remain with the Princess, and the box on the ear with him who received it. As to the pretended disgrace incurred, I relieve the complainant from it; for it can never be supposed that the hand of a beautiful and agreeable princess can dishonour the face of a custom-house officer."—*Lord Dover's Life of Fredrick.*

A touch of the Sublime.—A down-east editor announces to his subscribers that the obstacles which impeded the publication of his first No. have at length "vanished as a shadow."

Accompanying the sword which was presented to Gen. Washington by Frederick the II, was the following compliment, "From the oldest General in the world to the greatest."

Enthusiasm of genius.—Beethoven, the celebrated composer, was often heard to declare, that if he should ever go to England, he would uncover his head, and kneel down at the tomb of Handel.

Law anecdote.—A wealthy farmer in the State of New-York, having been sued by Mr. Havens, wrote the following *classical* epistle to his attorney:

'Esq. —— Sur if that sute of *Heaven's* goes a gin me i want you to kerry it up to a *higher corte* for God noes i dont owe him one sent.'

Anecdote of Vernon.—During the run of the comic opera of Cymon, when Vernon was in pursuit of his supposed Sylva, and came on singing—

Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they take her?

A wag in the pit, replied in time and tune—

Long Acre, Long Acre, they're gone to Long Acre!

The house was in a roar of laughter; and Vernon with great presence of mind, as soon as there was silence, sang—

Oh, ho, are they so? I shall soon overtake her!

We extract the following anecdote from the 27th volume of Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopedia, entitled "De Sismondi's History of the Italian Republics," recently published in London.

"In 1215, a Guelph noble of the upper Vale of Arno, named Buondelmonte, who had been made a citizen of Florence, demanded in marriage a young person of the Ghibeline house of Amidie, and was accepted. While the nuptials were in celebration, a noble lady of the family Donati stopped Buondelmonte as he passed her door, and bringing him into the room where her women were at work, raised the veil of her daughter, whose beauty was exquisite. 'Here,' said she, 'is the wife I had reserved for thee. Like thee, she is Guelph; whilst thou takest one from the enemies of thy church and race.' Buondelmonte, dazzled and enamored, instantly accepted the proffered hand. The Amidei looked upon his inconstancy as a deep affront. All the noble Ghibeline families of Florence, about twenty-four in number, met, and agreed that he should atone with his life for the offence. He was attacked on the morning of Easter Sunday just as he passed the Ponte Vecchio, and killed at the foot of the statute of Mars, which still stood there. Forty-two families of the Guelph party met and swore to avenge him; and blood did atone for blood. Every day some new murder, some new battle, alarmed Florence during the space of thirty-three years."

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF NINE-PENCE.

"Who steals my purse steals trash."

Let me see—six-pence and three-pence make nine-pence! the exact and precise amount of my present available funds. Farewell to suppers of oysters!—good-bye to treats of champaigne! Economy has degenerated from a virtue into a necessity, and temperance requires no longer to be fortified by self-denial. Truly this same poverty is a most eloquent teacher, and her lessons make up in force and effect, whatever they may want in persuasion. 'Twas but yesterday, and this purse was full! Here brightly glittered the golden sovereigns, carpeted on a luxurious couch of bankable bills, while ever and anon, the more modest quarters and shillings would half reveal their retiring but interesting features to the view. But the glorious vision has faded—the full stream of my abundance has dwindled to this "brooklet in the sun;" and I am left to draw a moral lesson from the sentimental incident—man's life is like that purse, now so bare and empty.

Time (like tailors' bills) will finally consume the funds we may have acquired; and it behoves us carefully to watch that each portion of life, like each particular coin, be expended upon something of real and enduring value. What matters it to me that I have feasted on the delicacies of each clime and season, or that I have grown "curious in wines," or that this coat, now greasy and thread-bare, was once the admiration of Broadway! The very vanities on which my means have been so inconsiderately and so wantonly lavished, only exaggerate the shame of my condition; and to present inconvenience, is superadded a sense of regret and self-reproach. Thus it is with time, which the philosopher most appropriately termed *his estate*; and it is an estate valuable above all earthly goods—an estate, which by proper use and cultivation, may be increased forty, sixty and an hundred fold, and lavishly repay its just and proper employment. If like my purse, (*horresco referens!*) it has been employed upon trifles, or in mere sensual gratifications, sooner or later a fatal bankruptcy must await its possessor—a failure without benefit of the act.

But my purse—I will look at it again, though I shudder at its wan and wasted figure. I will again search its receptacles; there may lurk something concealed—some secreted shilling—some imprisoned note. * * Alas! six-pence and three-pence—three-pence and six-pence—nine-pence is all! What a stubborn thing is this arithmetic! I am sure I liked it not when a boy; but never till this time did I meet with such a disagreeable specimen of addition—subtract this nine-pence and I have nought! Most vulgar of the vulgar fractions of a dollar! my mind is divided on the subject of thy disposal: shall I boldly give thee in charity, and await some casual stroke of fortune to relieve me; or shall I listen to that syren voice within, that speaks so forcibly of dinner? I am decided: the monitor within shall rule!—But a dinner for nine-pence!—where can it be procured! Into what cellar must I dive—into what new degradation am I to be driven? I am rejected of Niblo's—precluded from Clarke & Brown's, and even Holt will spurn the man of nine-pence! My health for some time has been bad: I will avoid meat—I will shun all high-seasoned dishes. Maukind are every day destroying themselves by their excesses, and by the indulgences of the table. Bread is the staff of life—bread for me! None of your foreign wines—none of your imported or domestic liquors. Water—pure water for me. I will not muddy my head and destroy my health by any of these unnatural stimulants; but practice that temperance of which so many are preaching.

Lord, what a mistake! Five dollars as I live!—well, well, who could have thought of it! How in the name of all that's strange could it have got into my waistcoat pocket? Ah, I recollect!—got it in change at our venison supper, last night! How could I have been so stupid as to have forgotten it—I believe that champaign drove it entirely out of my head—the best, by Jove, I have had this age, and the venison too—Well, I declare no one cooks venison in such style as Clarke & Brown—I'll have a dinner of it! Stick to the maxim—*dum vivimus vivamus*—or as it is elegantly translated—

While we have cash,
Let's cut a dash.

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Masquerade and Fancy Dress Ball.—There having been given a few weeks since, a Fancy Dress and Masquerade Ball, which, although it passed off quite pleasantly, was not quite as interesting as it might have been from the small proportion of Gentlemen in Masks and Ladies in Fancy dresses, a number of gentlemen, impressed with the belief that one could be got up in far superior style, united together for that purpose, and it was given on Tuesday night last in St Andrew's Hall. Shortly after eight o'clock the company began to assemble; the ladies were ushered into the Ball-room and the gentlemen into an anti-room, to disclose themselves to the managers, it having been agreed that no gentleman should be admitted unasked, and that each one should make himself known to the managers previous to his entering the ball room. By 9, the whole company had assembled, comprising about four hundred persons, a little more than half of whom were ladies. The scene was truly brilliant, the richness elegance and variety of the ladies' dresses were indeed remarkable, and the admirable taste which was apparent in every case, excited the highest admiration. It was considered singular, that of the whole company present, without previous consent or arrangement, there should have been no two ladies dressed alike; and it was the same case with the gentlemen, except in one or two instances where the parts assigned were in concert, and required singular costumes. Of the gentlemen, there were nearly 150 characters sustained with more or less ability, and amongst the ladies were to be seen the plain but neat and bewitching peasant and gipsy girls, and all the grades of society upwards, to the more gorgeous, dignified and stately princess. The costumes of all other times appeared to have been put into requisition, and there was a display of beauty and splendour which has never been equalled in this city, and probably never surpassed in this country. Indeed, it has been declared by gentlemen, both natives and foreigners, who have been familiar with the best circles in Europe, that for taste and elegance, except in the costliness of jewelry, the display would have been creditable to St. Petersburg, Paris, Vienna or London. Between 11 and 12 o'clock dancing commenced, which was continued at intervals until 2, when the company retired, highly gratified with the entertainment. The supper rooms being occupied by the masks, refreshments in great variety were handed to the ladies, and side tables provided for the gentlemen.' In the course of the evening, the corps of Tyrolese Minstrels, now in this city, gratified the company with some of their sweetes, songs and airs, and appeared themselves to participate largely in the good humor and delight which pervaded the whole assemblage.—*Charleston Courier.*

The New-Orleans Courier contains a long detail of an engagement between a party of nine Americans and one hundred and sixty four Towaconic Indians in the Province of Texas, in November last. The Americans having been advised of the intended attack prepared for the defence, on a small island in the Sc Sabia river, which was completely surrounded by the Indians, who kept up a heavy fire. Being driven back, an Indian crawled along and set fire to the leaves and grass to the windward of the encampment, which with much difficulty was extinguished with buffalo robes, deer skins, &c. The enemy were driven off, and the heroic little band in token of defiance hoisted on the top of a tree a white flag with a bloody spot. The account says—

"We had three men severely wounded and one killed; and lost several horses. There was not one of us who had not our clothes pierced and skin grazed in several places. We saw 21 Indians fall dead on the ground; and the next morning, at their encampment, we counted 48 blood spots on the grass, supposed to have been produced by the blood that ran from the bodies wounded."

When Paganini lately played before the Duke of Devonshire, his Grace put a £500 note into his hand, which the fiddler scornfully refused, upon which his Grace, with becoming liberality, replaced it with one of £1000.

PARK THEATRE.

Miss Hughes, Mrs. Knight and Mr. Sinclair, have been charming good houses with their music. Cinderella and Masaniello have not lost their reputation, nor their magic power. The Maid of Judah seems to have been laid up; we wish we could say as much of "Napoleon Bonaparte."

Mr. Forrest is engaged, and will appear on the 9th ult.

AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY.

We attended on Thursday evening to see Blanchard in his celebrated character of Sir Abel Handy, and cannot refuse him our thanks for the pleasure he afforded us, and the audience generally. We think he played better than during his first engagement, and in this line of acting may challenge competition.

Mrs. Mangeon, as Lady Handy, was perfectly at home, and throughout drew forth repeated plaudits. In the Farce "Of Age To-morrow," several of her songs were encored; her voice in some passages, displayed tones of exquisite melody and sweetness. We had too, a fancy dance by Miss Johnson, in her happiest manner, and which was well received. Indeed, the entire entertainments of the evening, were of a high order, and we recollect no instance of such general good personations by the company, or a higher display of dramatic talent. The American, with such a Manager and such a company, *must* draw full and fashionable houses. As a whole, we never sat to a better evening's entertainment; and if Mr. Hamblin continues as he has commenced, the patronage of his friends, and the support of the public, will assuredly be his reward.

RICHMOND HILL THEATRE.

All our anticipations of last week in relation to this theatre and Mr. Anderson, have been disappointed. The owners of property in the neighborhood and the stockholders of the theatre, were so apprehensive of a riot if Anderson should be brought forward, that on their application to the Vice Chancellor, an injunction was by him granted, restraining Mr. Russell from producing him. These apprehensions seem to have been well founded, for on Monday evening last, (on which evening the opinion of the audience was to have been taken by Mr. Russell, in regard to Anderson,) a mob assembled in front of the theatre, broke the lamps and windows, and entirely interrupted the performance. The scene was utterly disgraceful to the character of our city and country, and those engaged in producing it we consider far more deserving of contempt and shame, than any of the actions of him against whom their miserable attacks were made.

Notwithstanding the riot of Monday night, Mr. Russell has gone through the week with great success. His "Forty Thieves" deservedly draw good houses.

It is understood that Mr. Russell is making arrangements to go on with the new theatre, we mentioned last week. We venture to predict that it will be the most fashionable in the city, when it gets into operation.

We have heard it rumored that Woodhull and Barnes have leased the Richmond Hill. We confess we don't exactly see how all can succeed. If our good wishes could help them, "they are theirs."

CHATHAM THEATRE AND CIRCUS.

Nothing new has been got up at the Chatham this week.—Mr. Stickney has rode his five horses taken a benefit, and left for Philadelphia. Mr. Spencer has elicited applause for his frequent daring, if not actually dangerous, feats of horsemanship, and Master Lipman, to the great delight of his friends (apparently,) has come near breaking his neck, by riding on his head. Mr. Rockwell leaped over a sheet of canvass large enough for a mainsail, and Master Rogers and the "small fry" have performed feats to the great detriment of "small change" among the "lads of the pit," and too numerous to be named in the notice of this week. Little in the line of the regular Drama has been offered, though where that has been the case, we believe the pieces have been pretty well received.

It is rumored that this building has been sold, and is to be converted into a church.

Theatrical Miscellanies.

Mrs. —— late of the Federal Street Theatre. It is said that Mr. Siddons' once frightened a shop-keeper into fits by the solemn and awful manner with which she inquired,

"Sir, did I understand you then to say
This calico would——WASH!"

We can vouch for the truth of a similar anecdote which is related of Mrs.——, an amiable lady, once among the ornaments of the Boston stage, who retired a few years since from a profession in which she was wont to sustain the Lady Macbeths and other tragedy queens with great applause. This lady, as her acquaintance well know, had assumed upon the stage the deep toned voice,—the lofty air and mien of majesty, and the measured blank verse accent, for so many years, that much of it was apparent in her manner and conversation even in the social circle. Going one day into Barrett's the dyer's, to examine a piece of silk which she had sent to be coloured, a young man in attendance informed her that the goods had not taken the new color well, and that several spots showed themselves very distinctly. Thereupon, the lady seized the silk, and taking a fine attitude as she held it to the light, exclaimed

"Spots did you say! what spots! I see no spots!"

The effect was electrical. The young man stood rooted to the floor in amazement, while his hair became like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." Beau —— who happened to be by, left the shop, in evident consternation, and two interesting girls present burst into tears and retired with unequivocal symptoms of distress. The young ladies declare they have never recovered from the shock which their nerves received on the occasion.—*Galaxy.*

An honest Norfolk grazier, who had seen *Richard* performed one night in the city waited upon the manager next morning to say, that if the gentleman who wanted a horse on the previous evening held his mind, he had got an abundance of cattle in his meadows, and should be happy to deal with him.

On Sunday last, an extraordinary circumstance took place in Great Marlow Church, viz. the christening of a Jew! in the person of Mr. Sloman, the comedian, &c. What could have induced this vocal Israelite to choose Marlow for his place of conversion!—*Eng. paper.*

A new theatre is now erecting at Madrid, under the personal superintendance of Ferdinand. To meet its expenses a new import tax upon certain articles has been imposed.

Anecdote of Kean and Byron.—We were attracted to the house on Friday evening by the announcement of Kean's *Sir Giles Overreach*.—We recollect a very interesting anecdote connected with this gentleman's first appearance in that character which, as it is authentic and not generally known, we will here relate to our readers. Kean having incurred the displeasure of the late Lord Byron, by preferring a prior engagement at Tom Cribb's to a posterior one at his lordship's, was, for a time, excluded from his lordship's society.—Byron's high aristocratic pride had been wounded, and was not to be propitiated. All the apologies Kean could offer were unavailing. In this gentleman's own words, "his lordship quizzed me through his glass when we met, and passed without a single token of recognizance." Kean had not then played Sir Giles Overreach. On the night of his first appearance in that character, he espied Byron in the stage box. The play passed off, and Kean received the unbounded applause of a full and genteel audience. His Sir Giles had brought a splendid addition to his popularity. When he had undressed, he came by chance into the green-room, and found Byron, and Hobhouse and others there, discussing the merits of the performance. As soon as the poet recognized the player, he advanced to him, exclaiming in the hearing of all, "By——, Kean you have this night achieved what I thought impossible for humanity to accomplish. Come to my arms, you rogue, and sin no more!" From that night all the former attachment was renewed: and in a few days thereafter, Kean was presented by Byron with the gold snuff box which many of our readers, no doubt, have frequently seen, as a renewed expression of his admiration of the actor's splendid talents.—With this anecdote in remembrance, we could not deny ourselves the pleasure of seeing Sir Giles once more—and we are certain we never saw it better played.—*Glasgow Free Press.*

Preparations are making at the theatres of London, Rouen, and Liege for the representations of *Robert le Diable*. The Manager of the Theatre at Liege has come to Paris to study the various characters of the piece; he is to carry back with him the various parts written in manuscript, and a perfect copy of the decorations, painted by Ciceri, not upon small sheets, but in complete scenes, so that they may be forthwith used upon the stage. I am not aware whether the custom-house list of duties is sufficiently comprehensive to include the charge for a sea, a palace, hell, and a cathedral.—*French Paper.*

A new piece just come out at the Theatre du Cirque, draws very crowded houses. It is called the Life of a Horse. The idea is evidently borrowed from our high-mettled racer, but the horse of the Cirque never changes his master, who is first an officer, then a rich banker, and finally, coachman of one of those miserable voitures, called Coucous. Here the career of the poor horse terminates, or rather, we should say, he sinks under the drudgery, and is delivered in the agonies of death, to the ——. We think this last scene might have been spared to an audience so refined as our neighbours. The piece, notwithstanding its extravagance, has some interesting scenes.

Curious Account of Paganini.—In a work entitled "Rambles in Italy in the years 1816—17, by an American," and published at Baltimore in 1818, we find the following remarkable notice of this singular individual.—"The plaudits of a Venetian audience are indicative of an extravagance of enthusiasm which I do not recollect ever to have seen displayed in any of the French or English theatres. This was the case at the performances of the celebrated Paganini. The astonishing execution of this unrivalled artist extorted such bursts of applause, as would, in any other country have passed for the ravings of insanity. During some part of the performance, the silence was so profound that the faintest noise would have been easily perceptible.—His audience seemed to hold their breath, lest a single note should escape them; but the loud and deafening cries of *bravissimo Paganini!* mixed with such exclamations as these, *Sangue della Madonna, e uno diavolo*, passionately vociferated and accompanied with a corresponding extravagance of gesticulation, were expressive of those delirious feelings of which only the most ardent and sensitive natures are susceptible. Paganini executed the most difficult and exquisite pieces of music, with astonishing effect, upon a violin with only a single string. His uncommon attainments in music were said to have been the effects of a long imprisonment, as he is represented to have been originally incapable of study or application. Having as it is said, in a fit of jealousy, assassinated his mistress, he was condemned to suffer the punishment of death, but this penalty being commuted for that of perpetual imprisonment, he devoted himself exclusively to his violin, and in the course of the first six years of his confinement attained a skill on that instrument almost miraculous. He exhibited in the presence of many of the crowned heads of Europe, who all interested themselves in his behalf, and finally obtained his release. He now travels from one extremity of Italy to the other, assembling wherever he exhibits, a numerous audience, and squanders the tribute his talents command, with the same rapidity with which he collects it."

Some of the London papers of Thursday last contain a scandalous rumor that the Duchess of Richmond had eloped with a captain in the guards. In the Court of King's Bench, on Tuesday, the Attorney-General gave notice that, on the first day of next term, he would move for criminal information against the papers that had published the libel.

Some alarm was created in Liverpool on Tuesday, by a report that several cases of the malignant cholera had appeared.

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The Grouse, Pheasant, Partridge, Woodcock, and Snipe.

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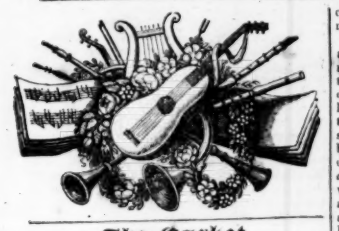

The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

From Frazer's Magazine.

CONJECTURES.

A horse with his nose in a bag,
Is probably thinking of corn;
A vestment reduced to a rag
Is likely enough t'have been worn;
A sceptic who boggles at doubts,
May silently swallow a sin;
And, politics, they who are 'outs,'
May possibly wish to get in.

A lady, when dressing for church,
May perhaps have a thought of this earth;
A lover when left in the lurch
With maudlin may bother your mirth;
A lawyer, who frowns at a fee,
May be moved by some deeper pretence;
And a man who is hanging can be
In a state of most painful suspense.

SAGACITY AND FEROCITY OF AN ELEPHANT.—On the 28th of June, at Triplicane, a native unfortunately lost his life by provoking the elephant belonging to Parthasarady Pagoda. It would appear, that this sagacious animal, from a circumstance which happened to him so far back as two years ago, took a decided aversion to all Mussulmans, or any one appearing in their costume. We were informed, that it was customary with the keeper to attend with his elephant during the celebration of the native festivals at St. Thome. He would on these occasions, receive from the people fanams and pice, which the elephant would pick up and give to him. Some rather choleric Moorman, wishing to enjoy a little fun with the animal, held out his hand as if he had something to give, and the elephant, having felt with his proboscis and found it was only a deception, grew enraged, and attempted to chastise the individual for his temerity, who, on his part, found his choler rising, and flung his slipper at the beast, which hit him on his head. The animal became furious, chased his persecutor, who was glad to save his life by taking shelter in a house. From this circumstance the elephant could not bear a Moorman in his presence, and always eyed one with abhorrence. The unfortunate man who was killed, by a blind fatality, or something like it, having dressed himself in a Moorish garb, appeared before the elephant. It was the festival at Triplicane. The elephant, as usual, went before the images receiving the tribute of the spectators. This ill-fated man extended his hand, and two or three times it would appear, deceived the animal, although the keeper repeatedly entreated him to desist. The elephant got annoyed and knocked the man down with his trunk. But one of the keepers alongside pushed him away, upon which the animal turned round with a fury not to be described, bore down all opposition, and killed him on the spot. The work of death being completed, he set off to his stall in full trot, the affrighted people running in all directions.—*Madras Courier.*

To view Passaic Falls one day,
A Priest and Tailor took their way;
"Thy wonders, Lord," the Parson cries,
"Amaze our souls, delight our eyes:"
The Tailor only made this note—
"Oh! what a place to sponge a coat."

A CAT WHICH CAUGHT SWALLOWS ON THE WING.—We have frequently remarked the surprising rapidity with which beasts of prey pounce upon their victims; but the most striking instance which we recollect of this, was that of a cat who caught swallows on the wing. It was in the spring when insects, in consequence of the cold, fly low, and of course the swallows are forced to hawk for their prey by skimming the surface of the ground. The wily cat, taking advantage of this, stretches herself upon a sunny grass-plot, with her legs extended as if she were dead: the flies collect about her, as flies always do when they can find any animal as patient as my uncle Toby, to endure their buzzing and tickling. The simple swallows, dreaming of no harm, and thinking they can here make a good meal, dip down from the barren air,—dart with open bill upon the flies; when puss, perceiving her prey within reach, makes a spring like a flash of lightning, and strikes down with her paw the poor thoughtless swallow. The best marksmen know how difficult it is to shoot a swallow on the wing; but the cat found her patience, cunning and rapidity well rewarded by her unerring success whenever a swallow ventured within her reach.—*Times Telescope.*

THE CINCINNATI ANGLING CLUB.

MR. EDITOR: *Cincinati, Ohio, Jan.* 30, 1832.

This club is composed of twenty-five members, associated, as their constitution expresses it, to "enjoy, in harmony and good fellowship, the delightful and healthy amusement of angling, and to improve themselves in the *science* of that innocent sport."

The club was organized on the 25th of August 1830, under suitable regulations for its government. The best fishing is in the Great and Little Miama rivers;—the first about fifteen miles west, and the latter seven miles east of Cincinnati. The fish considered game by the club, are the pike, salmon and bass;—the latter taken in great abundance, from half a pound to five pounds in weight—the first but seldom—salmon frequently.

From March to November is the fishing season; but September and October are by far the best months. In October the anniversary dinner takes place, and on that occasion there is generally a great turn out of the members, and a fine display of fish. At the first dinner, near the Great Miami, 353 fish were brought in, one of which, (a noble 5 lb bass, caught by the president,) graced the head of the table.

The whole number of fish taken that year, as reported by the secretary, was 1337; viz.—Pike, 54 salmon, 1266 bass, and 16 catfish. The latter, were caught *accidentally*; for "accidents *will* happen, even in the best regulated" clubs.

Considering that this was the sport of little more than two months, and that several members did not partake in it, (business, or absence from the city, preventing them,) it may be called good angling.

The weather during the last year was exceedingly unfavorable for the sports of the "honest angler;"—wet, cool, and changeable. Neither the fish nor their admirers had fair play.

Few excursions were made with fair prospects for the angler; but when he did succeed, it was generally with large fish. More heavy fish were taken this year than was ever known before. The anniversary dinner was held in town; but owing to the very inclement weather, not more than 200 fish were brought in.

The secretary reports for 1831, 1588 fish, viz; 1 pike, (weighing 11-2 lbs.) 88 salmon, (the largest 5 1-4 lbs.) and 1477 bass, among which were many weighing from 2 to 5 lbs. The "brag fish" this year, was taken by Maj. F.—a beautiful bass, weighing 5 1-2 lbs.—the largest bass ever taken in the club.—22 catfish were also returned, and reluctantly entered. Although many consider the "cat" a palatable fish, yet its habits are so filthy, and its appearance so uncouth, that he is not held in much esteem by the club. Some of the members, disdaining even to touch him, cut him loose when caught, and kick him back into the water.

Many new and ingenious inventions in angling apparatus have been produced by the club;—evincing that this interesting amusement exercises the mind as well as the body.

Of all primitive sports in the pursuit of game, angling admits of more recreation for the mind, more leisure for calm and quiet contemplation, than any other. The exercise may be made easy or laborious, as the angler chooses; but there is little to interrupt his peaceful reflections, or ruffle the serenity of his temper. Seated at a favorite spot, on the banks of the clear stream, if the fish bite, there is no man more happy. But if they don't, which often happens, (for they are an *uncertain* tribe,) even then, the very hope that they will, aided by the soft music of the running stream and the rural scenery around, so completely soothe and engage the mind of the "honest angler," that he is the very model of untiring patience "which endureth unto the end."

The journey itself, to the Great Miami, (the principal fishing stream of the club, in escaping from the din and bustle of the city, is always interesting, but at times peculiarly so. The scenery over a gently undulating country, is not bold or sublime, but it is rich and picturesque. In the spring, when the black locust is in full bloom, the sides of the distant hills, which are covered with it, appear like snow banks; and contrasted with the lively green of the surrounding foliage, are extremely beautiful. In the fall season, more particularly in the "Indian summer," the mellow and silvery light of the sun through the hazy atmosphere—the varied hues of the "falling leaf"—the enlarged prospect opened by the trees, disrobed in part of their foliage, and the cheerful society of three or four brother anglers, who generally make up the party on these little excursions, form such irresistible attractions to the lovers of nature and the "brethren of the rod," that no man who "has music in his soul," or possesses the least portion of the "milk of human kindness," can be dead to their beauties.—AN ANGLER. *Turf Reg.*

FISH POND ON FIRE!—On Wednesday last a fish pond, the property of a gentleman at Newent, in this county, was wilfully and maliciously set on fire, and nearly all the fish therein destroyed! It is believed to be the work of an *incendiary*, as we are informed that it originated in consequence of the failure of a gentleman in the oil and color trade some time since, who in the hope of secreting some of his property, deposited three casks of turpentine in the fish pond; some person hearing of the circumstance, contrived to bore some holes in the barrels; the turpentine being of such a nature as not to unite with the water, immediately rose to the surface, and spread over about three parts of the pond, when it was set fire to; and to the great surprise of all who witnessed it, the pond, as far as the turpentine reached, became a complete sheet of flame! Unfortunately the property was not insured.—*Cheltenham Chronicle.*

BOAT RACE.

A race took place on Thursday, November the third, at Savannah, Geo. between a schooner rigged boat, called the Jesey, belonging to Messrs. Austen and Bradley, and a sloop boat, the property of Mr. Willink. The distance was from the city, to and around the buoy on the tail of the knoll, off Tybee, (about eighteen miles from town,) and back again. They started about 9 o'clock, A. M. and returned to the wharf about 4 P. M.—the sloop coming in about two hundred yards ahead. Considerable skill was manifested by the respective helmsmen, and the small distance of two hundred yards, in thirty-six miles, shows a remarkable equality in speed.

JOCKEY CLUB RACES,

Camden, (S. C.) Jan. 26th, 1832.

Commenced Thursday, 26th Jan. 1832.

First day, four mile heats; purse $400.

Col. Spann's ch. h. Muckle John; four years old; (entered by Col. J. J. Moore.)	1	1
Mr. Smith's ch. m. Mary Frances, by Director; five years old; (entered by Col. Singleton,	4	2
Dr. Ellerbe's b. m. Jeannette, by Eclipse; dam by Cock of the Rock; five years old,	2	3
Time, 1st heat, 8 m. 20 s.—3d heat, 8 m. 21 s.		
Second day, three mile heats; purse $300.		
Col. Singleton's ch. c. Godolphin, by Eclipse,	1	1
Dr. Ellerbe's ch. f. Zitella, by Henry; dam by the imported Expedition; three years old,	2	2
Time, 1st heat, 5 m. 57 s.—2d heat 6 m. 12 s.		
Third day, handicap purse of $200; two mile heats.		
Mr. Smith's ch. m. Mary Frances,	2	1 1
Dr. Ellerbe's b. m. Jeanette,	3	3 2
Dr. Goodwyn's ch. f. Minna Brenda, four year old,	1	2 3
Major Cantey's ch. c. Clarendon, by Kosciusko; three years old,	4	dr.
R. Adams' gr. h. Cuffy, four years old,	5	dr.
Time, 1st heat, 4 m. 2 s.—2d heat, 3 m. 37s.—3d heat, 4 m. 7. s.		

SWEEPSTAKES.

First day's sweepstake was won by Dr. Goodwyn's ch. f. Minna Brenda.

Second day's sweepstake was won by Major Cantney's ch. c. Clarendon.

Third day's sweepstake was won by Col. Moore's ch. c. Corporal Casey.—*Turf Reg.*

Virginia Treatment of a Horse on being taken up to be prepared for a race.

Bleed him, and after a day or two, give (instead of alors, &c.) balls made of pounded copperas. Take two table-spoonsful, mixed with flour and molasses, or honey, which divide into two balls. Give the horse a mash the overnight, and then muzzle him; then give early in the morning one ball. Give him nothing to eat until 11 o'clock; then give him water, with air taken off, and a little meal in it, and then give him another mash. After this he may have his rack food;—must be kept up, and not let him get wet if avoidable. Next morning, early, give another ball, and tie him up until 11 o'clock the second day, when his usual feed may be given him; as by that time his bowels will have been opened. These balls are usually given when horses are first taken up to be trained. They bring away small worms, cleanse the intestines, promote shedding the coat, &c. &c. If these balls have not the desired effect, boil together wild spice and sassafras, until the water gets pretty red and strongly impregnated, and pour it boiling on a mash, made as follows:—A gallon of hominy and oats, (half and half.) with about three pints of bran. After pouring on the boiling decoction described above, stir it well, leaving the mash just covered with the decoction; then cover the vessel with a blanket, and let it stand about two hours, when if sufficently swelled, take it out and cool it by handing, until a little more than milk warm;—about a spoonful of salt to be put in before the water is poured on. The mash used when the copperas ball is given, is made of the same ingredients, and in the same way; only using plain boiling water, instead of the decoction. *Ib.*

☞ WORTHY OF REGARD.—William Alexander, a very judicious and worthy man, reared in the stables of Col. W. R. Johnson, and a first rate trainer, who finished off the "TRIPLE" that won the jockey club purse at the Central Course, is now, as then, Mr. Selden's trainer. A few likely boys (from ten to thirteen or fourteen years old,) will be taken, and under him, thoroughly instructed in the art of training horses for the turf;—they being bound for seven years to the business. Even those who are not in the way of bringing horses to the turf would do well to embrace the offer; as they would be sure to get first rate grooms. The knowledge of training the race horse thoroughly well is at this time a profitable trade; few others adding as much to the value of a slave, or to the productive capacity of a free labouring man. *Ib.*

DEER HUNTING.

MR. EDITOR; *Smithville, N. C.* Jan. 1, 1832.

You have frequently requested your subscribers to communicate to you the result of their sporting excursions; and although I am not given to much scribbling, having neither talent nor taste that way, yet I shall endeavour to place before you, and your readers, the results of a day's sport in this neighbourhood; which, if it be not equal in description to some others which are to be found in your entertaining journal, had the effect of producing, among our party, much pleasure and gratification.

Our hunting excursions are generally confined to a small district of country, not extending beyond four miles from the garrison. It is to Captains S***a and F****, who were formerly stationed here, that we are indebted for the pack of hounds which we now have, and which for speed and endurance are considered to be equal to any in this vicinity. The ground we meet on is known by the name of Bald Head or Cape Island. It is situated at the mouth of the Cape Fear river, and is washed by the Atlantic on the south and east side, and by the river on the north and west. Its breadth is about two and a half miles, and its length about eight miles. It is covered with a very thick growth of live oak, cedar and palmetto; and deep ravines extend quite across it. There are several creeks, which extend from the river quite to the sea beach, on the east, and divide the island into what is called the main island, the middle island, and the small or scattering islands. The main and middle islands are those on which we used to hunt, and it is a hunt on the first named, which took place three years since, that I shall endeavour to describe to you.

The party assembled at the sound of the horn, at an early hour in the morning, and consisted of Dr. C. and Capt. B. of the army, Mr. J. H. H. and Mr. J. B. It was a fine morning in the month of January—the thermometer ranging to about 45°, when we left the wharf and proceeded to Oak Island, where we took into our boat the huntsman or driver, Mr. S. with the dogs, who we shortly after landed at the light-house on Bald Head. We pulled up the creek about two miles, and landed and took our stands at the distance of about two hundred yards apart, in a line extending from the creek to the sea. We anticipated fine sport. There was a light breeze from the east, which was favourable to the drive, as deer when roused generally go to the windward, which was the position we occupied from the commencement of the drive. Every one of us was on the alert, and anxious to catch the first challenge which should be made by the dogs; and we were not long kept in suspense: for Old Brutus' voice was heard, and it was certain that a deer was on foot. A few seconds brought down the deep-toned *soprano* of Old Indian, and he was soon followed by Bravo and Jackson, who, with Young Jackson and Rouser in *alto*, and Cora and Swan in full chorus, made the woods ring with melody. The manner in which the chase run, soon indicated who he was, and what we had to expect. He was an old acquaintance of the dogs; for he had been before them some eight or ten times previously and had always escaped to the sea by working his way through the line of standers, unseen and unhurt.

Now the dogs are bringing him in a line with my stand, and all my efforts are directed to keeping down the violent palpitations of my heart, which seem determined upon drowning the cry of the dogs. They continue to approach, and I feel that the old hero, who has so often been victorious, must at last yield and be conquered. A change in the direction of the cry shows me that the chase knows what he is about; for now the cry grows more faint, and by degrees it dies away on the gentle breeze. Hark! now they come again:—such a crash;—it seems as though all the dogs in creation are after that deer. Old Brutus, who was as true to the trail as the needle to the pole, was never half so eloquent; and as for Bravo and Jackson, "the cry is still they come." Young Jackson, Cora, Rouser and Swan, are in the midst of them; and Old Indian, too, is not far behind. At him, my good dogs, and let him see to-day that you do not forget an old friend. Keep close to him, boys, and you will make him show himself yet. Now he comes again, and my friend Mr. J. B. will certainly have a shot. Heavens! what a noise!—Mr. B. (I spoke in a whisper,) where are you?—The cry is like the long roll of the drum—not one dog to be heard above the other—all are in "harmonious accents joined." But why does not Mr. B. fire?—The deer has passed—the cry grows more faint, and is lost entirely.—the sound of the horn proclaims the chase at an end, and we all assemble again. The deer was only seen by the huntsman, and he confirmed my suspicions, as to its being our old acquaintance. We therefore sat down to await the return of the dogs, who, we felt confident, would again drive the old fellow into his bathing-tub; and in this we calculated rightly; for in about an hour they all came back very wet, by which we knew that the chase had taken the sea for safety. We shall wait upon you, to-day, my larky; and after you have refreshed yourself in your bath, we hope to meet with you again on *terra firma*.

Half an hour from the return of the dogs found us stationed along the sand hills which rise above the sea-beach, and about two miles from our first stand, which was a blind path, and west of our present position. The huntsman kept the woods, and about a mile above the upper station of one of the party, struck the trail of the old buck again, and away went the dogs at a telling pace and in full cry. The chase reconnoitered our positions with great care and circumspection; and, after dodging about our stands for nearly three-quarters of an hour, we had the mortification to find that he was leading the dogs off to the leeward, and down to where he was first roused. We followed on, and took up again in the path which we at first occupied, and soon had the pleasure of hearing the chase approach us. He must have come very near one of our party this time, as when the dogs came up on the trail, one of them was within about fifty yards of the stand. The deer, however, was not seen, and the dogs were again heard going to leeward, though inclined to the sea-beach. A dead silence soon ensued; and, after a short time, the huntsman, who had followed the dogs up to the stand which the deer approached, came in, and set off directly to the point where the dogs were last heard. He found them coming in, and again wet. His first impulse took him to the beach, where he found the tracks of the deer, who had again taken the water. He cast his eyes over the still smooth surface, and saw no deer, and he said, from that circumstances, he judged "the plaguy *varmint* was at his old tricks again; but he would show him this day, as there was yet plenty of time, who had the most wit." He now commenced reconnoitering, and in about twenty minutes struck the trail three or four hundred yards to the leeward of where the deer had entered the water. The dogs were again laid on, and they took the trail in high style, and in twenty minutes, as nearly as we could judge, had the deer in the water again, where he was taken up by the crew of the boat, which I had previously sent out to sea for the purpose, in the event of his again making an attempt at escape that way.

Thus fell a noble animal, whose superior instinct had enabled him to escape, unseen and unhurt, until this day. He deserved a different fate, and my mind misgives me, even now, when I reflect that he was deprived by my arrangement of dying "on the field of his glory."

But with the death of the deer the sport of that day's hunt did not terminate. A few days since, my friend Mr. J. B. (who I thought at the time the deer *first* passed our stands, should have seen him,) declared to me that he fell asleep, and was awoke by the cry of the dogs, within a few feet of him; and on getting wide awake, and looking about him, found the track of the deer within *ten feet* of where he was sitting. He kept the secret so long, that we have only determined, that at all our future hunts he shall be provided with a comfortable feather bed or easy chair, and with a pair of leather spectacles, with the impression of a deer next each eye, so that he may be the better able to see when he sleeps again.—NATTY BUMPO. *Sport. Mag.*

GOOD SHOOTING.

We would thank any of our friends to furnish us with any memoranda, equal to the facts detailed below in woodcock shooting. We rather think no similar example can be found on record in Great Britain.

A GOOD SHOT.—In the English and American Sporting Magizines, we frequently read of surprising performances in shooting, both in the number of birds killed, and the succession of shots without missing. At this moment, there are no particular facts that occur to me—but I am inclined to think, that there is nothing to be found in those publications, which, in the succession of killing shots, has surpassed the performance of Mr. B. of Framingham, who some time in the month of September last killed and bagged one hundred and nine *woodcocks in cover*, out of one hundred and eleven shots. Perhaps, however, some instance may be produced of a greater number of shots in succession, as he had killed about fifty before he missed, but it is doubtful whether there is any authentic record of but two birds missed out of one hundred and eleven shots.—When it is considered how difficult it is to shoot in cover in this country, particularly in woodcock ground, in the midst of thick alders and birches, and before the leaves have fallen—this must be considered wonderful shooting indeed: but Mr. B. is not less remarkable for his sagacity in finding his game than his success in shooting it; few ornithologists have a better knowledge of the habits of the feathered tribe. It has been remarked by an English sportsman, that it is a sufficent entertainment to go over the ground with him without shooting one's self, and I have often noticed the deadly effects of his shots upon the birds which seem instantly deprived of life, compared to inferior shots, who do but wing tip their game. If a bird flies, he knows exactly where to look for him. If he is hit without falling, he either says "that bird will get away," or "wherever he has fallen, we shall find him dead." But it is not only birds, for rabbits, squirrels and muskrats share the same fate, and it is death for any living thing to cross his path. Those who know and esteem the character of Mr. B. are aware that he would rather shun than seek a trial of skill, yet, such is their confidence in his superiority, that he could be backed against any other shot in the United States. S.—*Sport. Mag.*

Bardotte's Dressing Room,

156, BROADWAY,

Opposite Messrs. Thomas Stokes & Son.

It chanced that in strolling Broadway,
And glancing at all that is gay,
I entered the Room of Bardotte:
Was so charmed with what I there saw,
That I cannot but willingly draw
A *hasty* sketch of the spot.

The Room is furnished with taste,
Rich fixtures conveniently placed,
Towels of the whitest French linen,
Razors of rare silver steel,
Indeed I declare, by a deal,
'Tis the finest I ever have been in.

Bardotte, in his art to advance,
Has spent several seasons in France,
And carefully studied the graces;
He gives to the gentlemen's hair,
A genteel and elegant air,
And spirit to that of their faces.

His Italian *tea*, holds a steel,
The roughest skin scarcely can feel,
It moves through the lather so soft;
And in short, to take all in all,
I'm so pleased that I surely shall call,
At his excellent Dressing Room, oft.

A FRIEND TO LUXURY.

SAMUEL PHILLIPS,

AUCTIONEER for the City and County of New-York, attends personally to the Sales of Furniture in any part of the City; also, Real Estate, Ships, Merchandise, &c. &c. Office, 218, Broadway, where all orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

A. COX, Jr.

STEAM SCOURER, 80 CEDAR STREET, ONE DOOR FROM BROADWAY,

WHERE, he respectfully informs his friends and the public, he continues to *Dye, scour and repair Clothes* at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms. New collars, cuffs and buttons, neatly put on coats.

Orders punctually attended to in any part of the city. ☞ Cash given for cast-off clothes. j14 1y

NOTICE.

ROBERT S. CASSAT & BENJAMIN HUTCHISON have associated themselves together, under the firm of *CASSAT & HUTCHISON*, for the purpose of transacting a general

Commission & Forwarding Business,

in this city.—They have taken the warehouse No 8, Market, a few doors from Water street, recently occupied by Messrs. James Adams, jr. & Co. where they have now on hand, and intend constantly to keep, a complete assortment of

Groceries,

together with all kinds of PITTSBURGH MANUFACTURED ARTICLES, which they offer for sale on the most liberal terms.

Pittsburgh, Jan. 6, 1832.

New Book Establishment.

THE Subscriber respectfully informs the Western Merchants, that he has recently opened a Book Store on an extensive plan, in the city of Pittsburg, Pa. and has made such arrangements as will enable him to sell at the lowest New-York cash prices and 25 per cent. cheaper than any house in the Western country—Eastern *writing paper* and *Playing cards* in every variety.

☞ Rags in quantities taken in Exchange at the highest market price.

Orders directed to S. J. Sylvester Pittsburg Pa. will meet prompt attention.

S. J. SYLVESTER, N. Y.

N. B. All the FOREIGN and AMERICAN Periodicals can be obtained at the Pittsburgh Store.

TO PRINTERS.

A. PELL & BROTHER,

LATE WM. HAGAR & CO.,

HAVE removed their Type and Stereotype Foundry to No. 26 Gold street, corner of John street, New-York, and having greatly enlarged their premises, are prepared to execute orders with great despatch. All articles required by Printers furnished to order at the manufacturer's prices; Chases, Composing Sticks, Cases, &c. constantly on hand.

They have complete series of Fonts, from Pica to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful cut, which they offer with great confidence, as being very superior articles. The following are their prices (uniform with other Foundries) at 6 months credit, or 7 1-2 per cent discount for cash:

	Per lb.
Six Line Pica, and all larger,	28 cts.
Cannon to Six Line Pica,	30
Double English to Double Paragon,	32
Great Primer to Double Pica,	34
English and Pica,	36
Long Primer,	40
Bourgeoise,	46
Brevier,	56
Minion,	70
Nonpareil,	90
Agate,	1,16
Pearl,	1,40
Diamond,	2,00

All other articles of the Type Foundry, in proportion.

☞ A PELL & BROTHER, cast their book and newspaper fonts of a metal much lighter than that commonly in use, and which they will warrant much more durable.

A. P. & B. are Agents for the sale of the "Smith's Press," manufactured by R. Hoe & Co. and for the "Washington Press," invented by Rust.

The following are the prices at 6 months credit:

Medium or Royal, $220, Super Royal, $240, Imperial, $250, do No. 2, $260, No. 3, $275,

New-York, Jan. 20th, 1832.

Bignall's Prize Office,

144 Broadway.

☞ All Foreign or New-York prizes cashed at BIGNALL'S Prize Office, 144 Broadway; where tickets in all licensed Lotteries are for sale, on the most accommodating terms.

Orders from the country or elsewhere, enclosing the cash or prize tickets, will always meet with prompt attention, if addressed to D. BIGNALL.

TEMPERANCE HOUSE OF REFRESHMENTS, AND READING ROOM.

THE subscriber returns his sincere thanks for the encouragement he has met with, since his commencement. He now informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken and neatly fitted up the whole of the basement story in the FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, *corner of Ann and Nassau streets*, in a manner which enables him to accommodate any number, and hopes by his endeavors to give satisfaction to merit a continuance of their patronage. Refreshments of all kinds excepting inebriating liquors from sun-rise to 10 o'clock in the evening.

H. PATTINSON.

N. B. Most of the city papers are received and kept on file. m. 10, 1831

TO BOOKSELLERS, PUBLISHERS, PAPER MANUFACTURERS, STEREOTYPE FOUNDERS, AND OTHERS.

March Trade Sale.

THE subscribers notify the Trade that the first Spring Sale in the city of New York will be held by them on the 27th of March next. The catalogue is already preparing, and will be published about the 15th of February. It will be found to contain large invoices of the most valuable works, published by the first houses in the line. The assortment of Blank Stock to be sold in this sale is very extensive, and of the first quality. There will be upwards of 10,000 Bibles, of various kinds, from the splendid folio to the beautiful diamond copies. On the 28th March, the second day of the sale, will be sold about 20,000 dollars' worth of Stereotype Plates; the works are all popular and valuable, and the plates are nearly new—small editions only have been taken from them.

There will also be sold several Printing Presses, Type, Engraved Coppers, and numerous articles connected with the publishing business.

The subscribers would call the attention of Booksellers residing in the Southern and Western States to this sale; they will find an immense variety of stock to be sold, and will be put up in suitable lots to meet the wishes of the country purchaser.

Those who have surplus stocks of Books to dispose of, will find the approaching sale to combine every advantage desirable to their interest.

Paper manufacturers, having quantities of Cap and Letter Paper on hand, are enabled, in these periodical sales, to realize fair prices and quick returns for their property.

Contributors, who intend invoices for the first Catalogue, must forward them to be in New York by the 5th of February; those that are received after this date will be inserted in the second, which will be published early in March. The Catalogue will be distributed extensively throughout the U. States. Should any of the Trade not receive it in due course, they can have it forwarded by mail, on application (if by letter, post paid) to the Auctioneers.

Additional Warehouses are engaged for the reception of consignments; consequently they will be enabled to deliver purchasers their goods without any delay.

Liberal advances made on the receipt of the property. The commissions and charges as heretofore.

PEARSON & GURLEY,

New York Long Room, 169 Broadway.

New York City, Jan. 13, 1832.

J. Taylor,

FANCY BALL DRESS-MAKER

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Costume of every Nation ready for Sale or Hire.

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THE subscriber, TYPE AND STEREOTYPE FOUNDER, respectfully informs the TRADE, that he is stereotyping the following valuable works, specimen pages of which will shortly be forwarded to them, with the prices of the stereotype plates affixed to each, and also the price of the copy-right of the Treasury of Knowledge.

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A Comprehensive English Grammer, prepared for this work by Goold Brown, author of institutes of English Grammar, &c.

An English Dictionary, to which are prefixed English Verbal Distinctions, classed and illustrated by Lyman Cobb author of the Spelling Book, School Dictionary, and Juvenile Reader.

A New Universal Gazetteer, derived from the latest authorities, with Population and other tables prepared by Edwin Williams, author of the New York Annual Register.

A Comprehensive Classical Dictionary, followed by proper Scripture Names, accented.

A Chronological Analysis of General History; A Dictionary of Law Terms, and various useful Addenda—by a gentleman of the New York Bar, Graduate of Columbia College.

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KNOWN as the ever and always lucky, would remind his friends and the public at large, that he is regularly licensed by the several states in which he has offices, to vend authorized lottery tickets, all of which are the original—those persons purchasing of him, will be protected from fraud or imposition.

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N. B. To save postage, those that request a certificate of the tickets will be sent and the same will be lodged in the Bank subject to the order of the purchaser. This mode of late has met with much success.

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We shall be happy to wait upon those ladies and gentlemen who desire our attendance at their respective dwellings.

New York, February 4, 1832.

Robert H. Elton,

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SURGEON DENTIST, 93 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set. He cleans, divides, and fills hollow teeth in the neatest manner; and warrants his *Antiodontalgic Wash*, as completely efficacious in curing the diseases of the gums, fastening loose teeth, preserving those that are carious from further decay; and is a certain cure for the tooth ache. His *Teri Metallic Incorruptible Teeth* are a real imitation of nature; and having passed the ordeal of fire in making them, they do not absorb the salva so as to become offensive either to the taste or smell; no particle of food can adhere to them, so the breath remains sweet. The incorrupible teeth retain color, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty not surpassed by any. He also sets *Artificial Human Eyes* which cannot be distinguished from real, and will perform every motion of the eye, without giving the slightest pain. Those wishing to honor him with their commands, will find his charges moderate. The poor attended to every morning, from 7 to 8 o'clock, gratis. dec 24 1

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New-York, Jan 28, 1832.

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BY WIL